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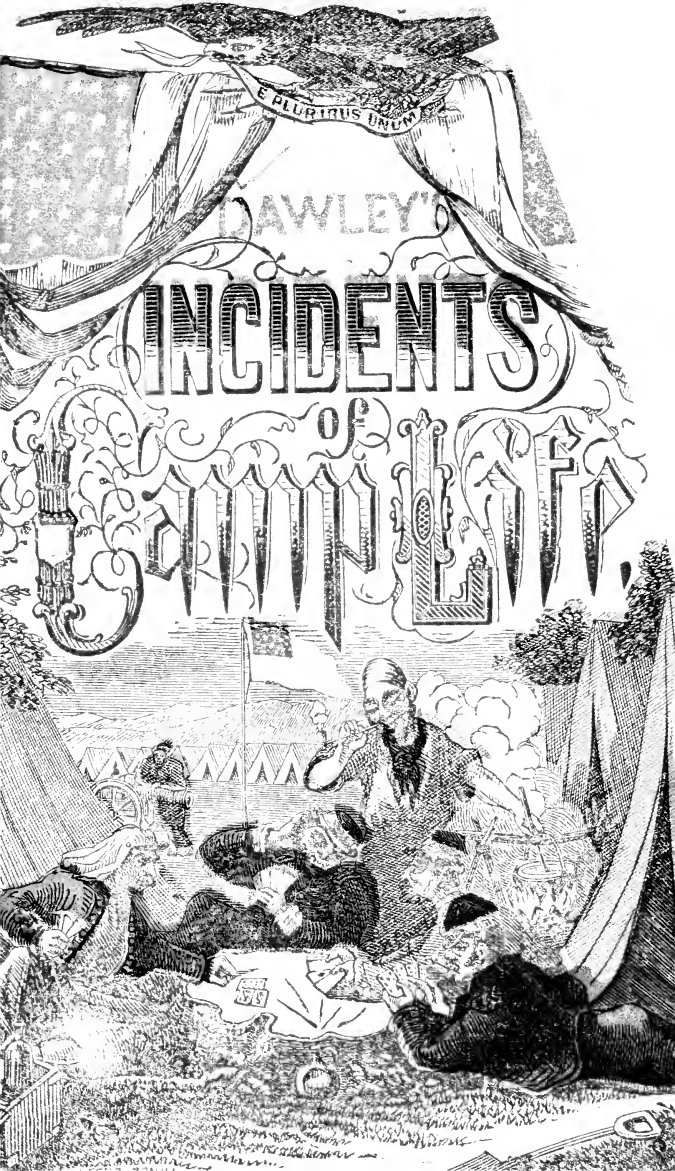
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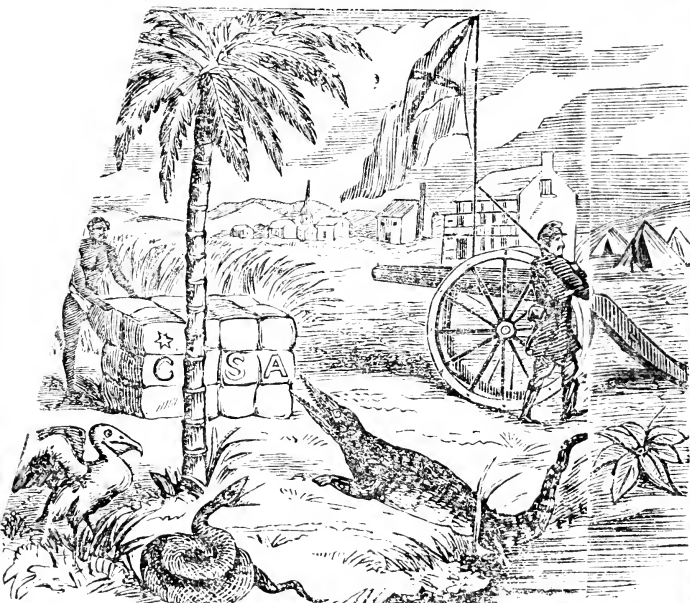
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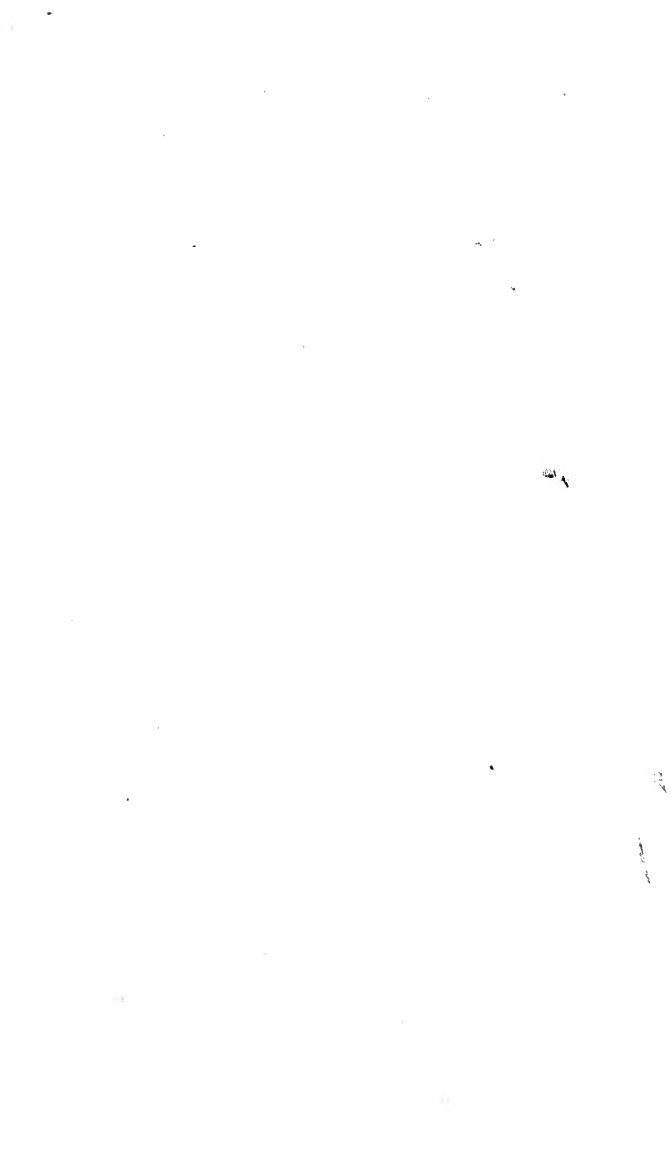
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OF

AMERICAN

CAMP LIFE:

BEING

Events which have actually transpired during the
PRESENT REBELLION.

35
Second Edition.

New York :

T. R. DAWLEY, PUBLISHER,

Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row.

Oct. 27. 1864

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The Snake-Hunters of Western Virginia.

The organization of rebel guerilla leaders in the mountain districts of Western Virginia has led to the formation of opposing bands among the loyalists. Among the rebel organizations is one celebrated as the "Moccasin Rangers." They had a good time and an easy one, robbing the Unionists with impunity, until Captain Baggs got up his "counter-irritant" in the shape of a company of "Snake-Hunters," a delicate allusion to the venomous reptile bearing the name of "moccasin." The "Snake-Hunters" are stalwart, rugged foresters, mountaineers and "original backwoodsmen"—shrewd, wary, and daring, as they are athletic and active—fleet of foot, nimble climbers, and perfect in the use of knife and gun. They were enlisted at Wheeling, and mustered into the Union service there, under that most half-horse, half-alligator, and the rest-snapping turtle-est of human beings since the demise of the lamented Colonel David Crockett, Captain Baggs, who beat every county in Western Virginia for the right breed, and sent them to Wheeling as fast as he found them, to be licked into the shape required to constitute a Snake-Hunter in good standing. They were recruited for mountain service, and were usually kept on the trail of guerillas, and for other independent enterprises; but when attached to an army, their business was to "trot" in the extreme front, in the capacity

of guides, scouts, and spies. For a while they were with Rosecrans' army of the Kanawha and Gauley, and came often in contact there with their rebel rivals, the Moccasin Rangers.

As to their arms, the only peculiar feature, I believe, was their variety, each separate Snake-Hunter being at liberty to indulge his fancy and consult his early habits, the training of his hand and eye, in the choice of his weapons. But in their "toggerly" everything was peculiar. A magnificent contempt for uniform distinguished them, and motley was their only wear. No two were got up alike, and rarely did the accomplished Snake-Hunter permit himself to be seen two days in succession on parade, (if their extraordinary system of tactics included such a dandyism,) in the same eccentric combination of "duds."

But most peculiar of all was their drill. Every movement was accomplished on the double-quick or in a run. They acknowledged no "common time," and if reduced to a dead march, they would surely have mutinied. This, for instance, was Captain Baggs's very original style of dismissing his company:

"Put down them thar blasted old guns, and be d—d to you!"

[Which, being interpreted, is "Stack arms!"]

"Now to your holes, you ugly rats, and don't let me see you again till I want you!"

[Which, being reduced to the Hardee vernacular, means, "Break ranks—march!"]

Exeunt Snake-Hunters on the run, with grand diversification of whoops, yells, and squeals, interspersed with lifelike imitations of birds and beasts.

Once, when the Snake-Hunters were detailed to guard some stores between Fairmount and Beverley, two elaborate gentlemen from Philadelphia, who were making a tour of that country, had the good fortune to witness their very original style of drill, and at the close of the performance invited Captain Baggs to take a drink in a neighboring rummery. As the tin-cups were laid out, one of them expressed his astonishment, not to say admiration, of his peculiar style of dismissing, "which looked to him very much like a stampede," and was curious to know where in the world they were all gone to, and how the Captain expected to get them back if he wanted them in a hurry. Baggs replied that the process was rather difficult to explain, but "If they'd jest let that 'ere rum wait a minute, he'd show 'em;" whereupon, going to the door, he fired three barrels of his revolver. The echo of the third report was still lingering among the cliffs when every blessed Snake-Hunter burst into the bar-room with a whole menagerie of roars and squeals and heehaws, and without question or apology called for tin-cups. The demonstration of Captain Baggs' style of "falling in" cost the elaborate gentlemen from Philadelphia \$5.

On one occasion, Baggs made his way into Floyd's camp, near Gauley Bridge, disguised as a Quaker, his suit of home-made being surmounted by the regulation broad-brim, whose orthodoxy was attested by a small Confederate flag. On passing the pickets, his unmistakable innocence being countersign enough, he asked to be conducted to the General, to whom he had important information to communicate. On being admitted to head-quarters, he informed Floyd that a party

of Union men were organizing in the neighborhood, for the purpose of annoying his troops and killing off pickets—that he had obtained complete knowledge of their strength and places of rendezvous, for the purpose of catching them in a trap, and that he had been arrested and compelled to take an oath of secrecy.

Floyd listened to him with confidence, and was induced to send out three companies, who surprised the Union party, and captured most of them, meantime giving his Quaker friend a pass through his lines, of which the latter availed himself without loss of time.

But the cream of the story—which, you will please to observe, is the Snake-Hunter's own, and not to be sworn to by any one but himself—is to be found in the fact that the "Union party" in question was in truth a guerilla band, mustering by authority of Floyd himself.

Captain Baggs's style of punishment, like his drill, was peculiarly his own. He knocked down the refractory Snake-Hunter with his fist, and mauled him to his heart's content. He was once tried for cruelty to one of his own men while under arrest, but acquitted.

Baggs, if still alive, is a sturdy, good-looking, swaggering, hard-swearing fellow, of about six feet two inches, and quite young.

JOKING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—General Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball in one of the recent battles before Richmond, and it was amputated above the elbow. While being borne on a litter he met Gen. Kearney, who had lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, General," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

An Inquisitive Rebel, or Tapping the Lightning.

The following is a remarkable instance of Federal neglect and Confederate impudence :

The telegraph line between Memphis and Corinth was exceedingly important. General Halleck's messages to Com. Davis, Gen. Curtis and the commandant of this post, have all passed over it. Little of the line was guarded, but the rebels refrained from cutting the wires ; they found a better use for them.

The Memphis operators detected something wrong in the working of the instruments, and surmised that some outsider was sharing their telegraphic secrets. They communicated this suspicion to the Superintendent at Corinth, who promised to keep a sharp look-out.

They soon afterwards discovered that their uninvited confidant could talk as well as listen. The transmission of a message was suddenly interrupted by the ejaculation, "Opshaw !" A moment after it was again broken with "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis !"

Individuality shows itself as well in telegraphing as in the footstep, or in handwriting. Mr. Hall, one of the Memphis operators, instantly recognized the performer, not by his tune, but his time, as a young man formerly in Buffalo and other Northern offices, but now employed by the Confederates. Mr. Hall surprised him by replying promptly, "Ed. Saville, if you don't want to be hung, you had better leave ! Our cavalry is closing in on both sides of you !"

There was a little pause, and then the reply : "How in the world did you know me ? However, I've been here four days, and learned all we want to know. As

this is becoming rather a tight place, I think I will leave. You'll see me again when you least expect it. Good-bye, boys!"

The rebel operator made good his escape. He had cut the wire, inserted a piece of his own, and by a pocket instrument, been reading our official despatches. Some of the utmost importance, giving the very information most desired by the rebels, were passing, and as they were not in cipher, he must have received them. One from General Hovey, Commandant of this post, in reply to a question from General Halleck, stated the precise number of our available men in Memphis (only about 3,000), and their exact location!

This brilliant but audacious telegraphic feat was performed between Corinth and Moscow, and probably within fifteen miles of Memphis!

An Exciting Incident of Picket Life.

The outer pickets of the two armies are often posted within sight of each other; and when the land is cleared, sometimes in hailing distance. But where the land is thickly wooded, as in the majority of cases in this vicinity, the outposts are cautiously advanced, and the pickets sometimes stand their twenty-four hours without even seeing the enemy. But in such cases, that invincible curiosity, which is so universally prominent in the American mind, tempts some of the men on either side to advance beyond their posts, simply to gratify this peculiar fashion. And this breach of the rules by which they are supposed to be governed sometimes re-

sults in ludicrous as well as thrilling adventures. A case in point, which happened a few days since, created some little amusement, and I will relate it as it was told to me.

A member of one of our advanced regiments, being stationed at one of our outposts, took his rifle in hand, and watching a favorable opportunity, sallied forth in advance of his comrades, in hope of meeting something to break the monotony which his active mind felt impressed with, when standing at his post, and vainly watching for a rebel to appear before him. He walked musingly along, busying himself by "getting the hang of the land," until a sudden noise, a short distance in front of him, attracted his attention, and brought him to halt to learn its cause. It proved to be occasioned by a similar genius of the rebel army, who was as much surprised as himself to discover their close proximity. Taking advantage of the nature of the ground, each placed himself behind a large tree, to watch for an opportunity to try their rifles. Cautiously putting their heads out of their natural breastworks occasionally, with the hope of catching the other unguarded, they kept up quite a lively bobbing back and forth for some time, without any favorable result to either side, until at last the Yankee got impatient to either bag his game, or else get bagged himself. The long suspense was too much for his endurance, and being an excellent shot, and growing weary of seeking an advantage, he was anxious to give the rebel fully a fair show for his life, and then trust his own luck to the grooved companion, which had never failed him. Setting his rifle against his wooden breastwork, he stepped boldly out

from its cover, and exposing his entire person, folded his hands upon his breast, and coolly called upon the astonished rebel to fire, and be sure of his aim. This invitation puzzled him, and he hesitated at first, probably being afraid of some Yankee trick, in which he would be outwitted ; but at last, dismissing his fears, he levelled his piece and fired. *Hit* went the minnie over the Yankee's head. "Stand up, now, and give me a show," said the live target, stretching his arm out, and grasping his rifle. The rebel doubtfully placed himself in position, and away sped the bullet, striking—the edge of the rebel's coat-sleeve, and, burying itself in a huge tree in the rear, left the rebel unhurt. Both parties were puzzled, and remained silent a few moments ; but the Yankee was considerably chagrined, and proposed another trial. The rebel assented, and the second trial was as bloodless as the first. So was the third, fourth, and fifth. At the last discharge, the Yankee's wonder knew no bounds, when he discovered the result, and he immediately yelled out : "DAMN IT ! WE CAN'T SHOOT !" "*I believe you,*" was the response, and they approached each other, laughing heartily at the ludicrous turn their encounter had taken, and protesting that they *had* made good shots before, if they didn't then. After a merry chat of a few minutes, they bade each other good luck, hoping to meet again after the war is over, and wended their way back, to tell their comrades of their adventure, which both agreed was too good to keep.

Another Picket Story.

When our army was in the Chickahominy swamp before Richmond, just at the breakfast hour, when the aroma of good coffee is doubly delicious, our pickets were accosted by a voice from the rebel side, a few rods only distant, with—

“Hallo, there!”

“Hallo, yourself!”

“What you doing over there?”

“Making some coffee. Have some?”

“Will you let me come over?”

“Yes.”

“Will you let me come back?”

“Yes.”

“Honor bright!”

“Yes.”

And over he came. His coffee drunk, he smacked his lips, and said:

“Well, that’s very nice. We don’t get any of that over on our side.”

Then casting his eyes around, scrutinising the neat appearance of our men, he continued:

“Well, you look very comfortable. All of you live so?”

“Yes.”

A few moments more of silence, and he broke out:

“Well, I like the looks of things here. I believe I won’t go back.”

And he didn’t.

Elsewhere on the lines they are not quite so sociable, though they have generally quitted the practice of shooting our men.

"Where's Beauregard?" asks one of our men.

"Where's Banks?" sings out the rebel.

"Why don't the balloon go up to-day?" asks a rebel near the New Bridge Battery, which fired several shots at the balloon the other day.

"Waiting for gas," say our men in reply.

Exchanges of papers have been frequent, and sometimes they meet half-way, and have a sit-down chat on a stump or rail. A couple met in this manner the other day.

"Ain't you tired of this war?" says our man.

"Yes; and I wish I was out of it—it's all a humbug," replies the rebel.

"If they'd leave it to you and me," continued our man, "we'd settle it without any more fighting, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, sir," said the rebel, with emphasis.

And so they would. If left for the pickets to settle, the whole thing would be soon and amicably arranged, and that, too, on the basis of things as they were.

A Picturesque Rebel Army.

General Price and his army have been described as follows:

"As few people have an idea of the character of the man, I give you a hasty pen-and-ink sketch, as he appeared to me during a brief interview. He is over six feet in height, with a frame to match, full but not portly, and straight as an Indian. His carriage is marked with dignity, grace, and gentleness, and every motion bespeaks the attitude and presence of the well-bred gen-

tleman. He has a large Websterian head, covered with a growth of thick white hair, a high, broad, intellectual forehead, florid face, no beard, and a mouth among whose latent smiles you never fail to discover the iron will that surmounts all obstacles.

“The army of General Price is made up of the extremes. It is a heterogeneous mixture of all human compounds, and represents in its various elements every condition of Western life. There are the old and the young, the rich and poor, the high and low, the grave and the gay, the planter and the laborer, farmer and clerk, hunter and boatman, merchant and woodsman—men, too, who have come from every State, and been bronzed in every latitude, from the mountains of the Northwest to the pampas of Mexico.

“Every man has come from his homestead fitted with the best and strongest that loving mothers, wives and sisters could put upon him. And the spectacle presented as they are drawn up in line, whether for marching or inspection, necessarily forms an arabesque pattern of the most parti-colored crowd of people upon which human eyes ever rested. Some are in black, full citizen’s dress, with beaver hats and frock coats; some in homespun drab; some in gray, blue and streaked; some in nothing but red shirts, pants, and big top-boots; some attempt a display with the old-fashioned militia uniforms of their forefathers; some have banners floating from their ‘outer walls’ in the rear; some would pass for our friend the Georgia Major, who used to wear nothing but his shirt-collar and a pair of spurs.

‘Some are in rags,
Some in bags,
And some in velvet gowns.’ ”

Vaccination in the Army.

The troops stationed in the vicinity of Washington have passed examination, for the purpose of finding those who were in need of being vaccinated. There was plenty of fun going on during the examination—the boys all trying to shirk the operation. They knew that after seven years had passed the inoculation dies out, and that it will have to be renewed in order to be a preventive against disease: so all of them affirmed that they had been vaccinated within five years.

“When were you vaccinated?” the doctor would ask, taking hold of the man’s arm.

“Three or four years ago, sir, he was sure to answer.

“Are you certain it is no longer?”

“Yes, sir.”

And he is passed on as “satisfactory.”

A gentleman from the Emerald Isle, whom we will call Michael Rooney, made his appearance, his left sleeve rolled up as far as it would go, when the following scene took place:

“What is your name, my man?”

“Michael Rooney, sur.”

“Well, Michael, were you ever vaccinated?”

“I was that,” said Michael, showing a scar just above the elbow, probably produced by a cudgel in the hands of some enraged countryman.

“How long ago was it?”

“How long ago is it? About five years, sur.”

“Are you certain it is no longer?” asked the doctor, doubtfully.

Here Michael scratched his head, looked down at his

gunboats, then at the top of his tent, and answered

“ Yes, sur ; it's certain I am.”

After a pause, the doctor asked :

“ Where were you vaccinated, Michael ?”

“ On me arm, sur.”

“ But in what town, city, or country ?”

“ In Dublin county, sur.”

“ And how long have you been in this country ?”

“ Tin years, sur.”

“ And you were vaccinated five years ago !” exclaimed the doctor. “ Come, Michael, that will never do. You haven't got a very good memory.”

But Michael, nothing daunted, and seeing he was in a tight place, broke out with, “ Well, sur, I went out there on a visit, me sister having died, and sending me an invitation to attend the wake.”

Further remarks were drowned in the laughter that followed, and Michael's name was put down among those who were to be vaccinated on the morrow.

Couldn't Stand It.

On our trip up, we had on board a tall, gaunt-looking volunteer, whose appearance not only indicated that he was lately from a hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in a fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to names) he had won the cognomen of “ Beauregard.” He was full of dry humor, and it had a peculiar zest,

coming from such a dilapidated specimen of the human kind. I asked him :

“ How long were you in the hospital at —— ? ”

“ I stay'd just five days—I couldn't stand it any longer.”

“ Why so ? Were you not well treated ? ”

“ Well, you see, when I went in there were six patients. The next day they buried one.”

“ Why, what of that ? ”

“ Nothing ; only the next day they buried another.”

“ They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you.”

“ D—d unpleasant ! I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days—one man each day. I couldn't stand that ! ”

An Incident of the Battle of the Forts.

Captain Boggs, of the *Varuna*, tells a story of a brave boy, who was on board his vessel during the bombardment of the forts on the Mississippi river. The lad, who answers to the name of Oscar, is but thirteen years of age, but he has an old head on his shoulders, and is alert and energetic. During the hottest of the fire, he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrible broadsides of the *Varuna's* rebel antagonist was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with pow-

der, he was met by Captain Boggs, who asked, "Where he was going in such a hurry?" "To get a passing-box, sir; the other one was smashed by a ball!" And so, throughout the fight, the brave lad held his place and did his duty.

When the *Varuna* went down, Captain Boggs missed his boy, and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a few minutes afterwards he saw the lad gallantly swim towards the wreck. Clambering on board of Captain Boggs' boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute, and uttering only the words, "All right, sir; I report myself on board," passed coolly to his station." So young a lad, so brave and cool in danger, will make himself known as years go over his head.

Scenes between Pickets.

One day the Federal pickets hailed their adversaries with "Let us stop firing, and have a talk." "Agreed," says Secesh, and they held a conversation of about five minutes, something after this style:

FED. "Why do you want to break up the Government?"

SECESH. "Because you Yankees desire to destroy our institutions, and place the black on a level with the white man."

FED. "We ain't Yankees; we are Western men, and don't want to injure you or your institutions, but to protect all loyal citizens in all their legal rights."

SECESH. "Well, this is a d—d bad war anyhow. Good-bye."

ANOTHER SECESH. "Hallo! stop shooting, and I will sing Dixie, and Bob will dance."

FED. "Agreed; go ahead."

Secesh mounts the fence and sings; Bob comes out in plain sight and dances. When the colloquy is over they get their places. "All right! go ahead!" and commence firing.

Extraordinary Telegraphic Strategy.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A SECESH TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

A Curious Chapter in the History of the War.

KNOXVILLE, July 30th, 1862

Capt. R. A. ALSTON, A. A. G.:

On the 10th of July, General Morgan, with myself and a bodyguard of fifteen men, arrived at a point one-half a mile below Horse Cave, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where I took down the telegraph wire and connected my pocket instrument, for the purpose of taking off all despatches as they passed through. Owing to a heavy storm prevailing South, the atmospheric electricity prevented me from communicating with Bowling Green or Nashville. The first I heard was Louisville calling Bowling Green. I immediately put on my ground wire southward, noticing particularly at the same time what change it would make in the circuit. It did make it more or less stronger; but the

storm mentioned affecting telegraphs more or less, Louisville did not suspicion anything wrong, and I answered for Bowling Green, when I received the following message :

LOUISVILLE, July 10, 1862.

To S. D. BROWN, Bowling Green :

You and Colonel Houghton move together. I fear the force of Colonel H. is too small to venture to Glasgow. The whole force should move together, as the enemy are mounted. We cannot venture to leave the road too far, as they may pass round and ruin it.

J. T. BOYLE,
Brigadier General Commanding.

I returned the usual signal, "O. K.," after receiving the message.

Louisville immediately called Nashville; and I answered for Nashville, receiving business for two hours. This business was mostly of a private nature, and I took no copies. It could be plainly perceived from the tenor of the messages, that Morgan was in the country, and all orders to send money or valuables by railroad were countermanded, as they supposed. Little did the operator at Louisville think all his work would have to be repeated the next day. Louisville also sent the news of the day, and thus we were furnished with New York and Washington dates of that day. During the whole of this time it was raining heavily, and my situation was anything but an agreeable one—sitting in the mud with my feet in the water up to my knees. At eleven o'clock, P. M., the General being satisfied that we had drained Louisville of news, concluded to close for the

night, and gave me the following message, dating and signing :

NASHVILLE, July 10, 1862.

To HENRY DENT, Provost Marshal of Louisville :

General Forrest, commanding a brigade, attacked Murfreesboro, routing our forces, and is now moving on Nashville. Morgan is reported to be between Scottsville and Gallatin, and will act in concert with Forrest, it is believed. Inform the General commanding.

STANLEY MATTHEWS,
Provost Marshal.

I am not aware that General Morgan claims to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet : but Forrest did attack Murfreesboro, and rout the enemy.

On arriving at Lebanon, July 12, I accompanied the advance guard into town, and took possession of the telegraph office immediately. This, as you know, was at half-past three A. M. I adjusted the instrument and examined the circuit. No other operator on the line appeared to be on hand this early. I then examined all the despatches of the day previous. Among them I found the following :

LEBANON, July 11, 1862.

General J. T. BOYLE, Louisville, Ky.:

I have positive information that there are four hundred marauders within twenty miles of this place, on the old Lexington road, approaching Lebanon. Send reinforcements immediately.

A. Y. JOHNSON,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

At half-past seven, an operator, signing "Z," commenced calling "B," which I had ascertained by the books in the office was the signal for the Lebanon office. I answered the call, when the following conversation between "Z" and myself ensued :

To Lebanon. What news. Any more skirmishing after your last message ? Z.

To Z. No. We drove what little cavalry there was away. B.

To B. Has the train arrived yet ? Z.

To Z. No. About how many troops on train ? B.

To B. Five hundred Sixtieth Indiana, commanded by Colonel Owens. Z.

My curiosity being excited as to what station Z was, and to ascertain without creating any suspicion, I adopted the following plan :

To Z. A gentleman here in the office bets me three segars you cannot spell the name of your station correctly. B.

To B. Take the bet. L-e-b-a-n-o-n J-u-n-c-t-i-o-n. Is this not right ? How did you think I would spell it ? Z.

To Z. He gives it up. He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon. B.

To B. Ha ! ha ! ha ! He is a green one. Z.

To Z. Yes ; that's so. B.

To Z. What time did the train with soldiers pass ? Z.

To B. 8.30 last night. Z.

To Z. Very singular where the train is. B.

To B. Yes it is. Let me know when it arrives. Z.

At 8.20, Lebanon Junction called me up and said :

To B. The train has returned. They had a fight with the rebels at New Hope. The commanding officer awaits orders here. Z.

To Z. Give us the particulars of the fight. Colonel Johnson is anxious to know all about it. B.

To B. Here is Moore's message to General Boyle :

LEBANON JUNCTION, July 12, 1862.

To General J. T. BOYLE, Louisville :

At eleven o'clock last night, at New Hope station, part of my command encountered a force of rebel cavalry posted on the county road, one half-mile south of the railroad. After a brisk fire of musketry for twenty minutes, the enemy was routed and fled. Skirmishers were sent out in different directions, but were unable to find the enemy. At three this morning, apprehending that an effort might be made to destroy the bridges in our rear, we moved down to New Haven, and remained until after daylight, when the train went back to the scene of the skirmish. A Mr. Foreman, of Owen county, was found mortally wounded. He reported the rebel force at 550, under command of Captain Jack Allen, and that they had fallen back toward Greensburg. One horse was killed, and three captured. The books of the company were found in the field. Blood was found at different places, showing that the enemy was severely punished. No casualties on our side. Here with a train, awaiting orders.

O. F. MOORE, Commanding.

Lebanon Junction being the repeating station for Louisville business, he forwarded the following telegrams just from Louisville, nine o'clock, A. M.:

LOUISVILLE, July 12, 1862.

To Colonel JOHNSON, Lebanon :

Leave good guard and join Colonel Owens. Pursue the enemy, and drive him out. Be cautious and vigorous. Make no delay.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier General Commanding.

By the following, it will appear that Colonel Owens must have been *en route* for Lebanon :

LOUISVILLE, July 2, 1862.

Colonel OWENS, Lebanon :

You will move after the enemy and pursue him.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier General Commanding.

Up to the time of our leaving Lebanon, which was about noon, Colonel Owens had not arrived. General Morgan told me I could close my office ; and to allay for that evening all suspicion at Lebanon Junction at not being able to communicate with Lebanon, I despatched the operator as follows :

To Z. Have been up all night, and am very sleepy. If you have no objections, I will take a nap until two or three o'clock. B.

To B. All right. Don't oversleep yourself. Z.

Wonder if I did !

We arrived at Midway, between Frankfort and Lexington, on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad, about ten o'clock, A.M. the next day. At this place I surprised the operator, who was quietly sitting on the platform at the depot, enjoying himself hugely. Little did he suspect that the much dreaded Morgan was in his

vicinity. I demanded of him to call Lexington and inquire the time of day, which he did. This I did for the purpose of getting his style of handling the "key" in writing despatches. My first impressions of his style, from noticing the paper in the instrument, were confirmed. He was, to use a telegraphic term, a "plug" operator. I adopted his style of writing, and commenced operations. In this office I found a signal book, which proved to be very useful. It contained the calls for all the offices. Despatch after despatch was going to and from Lexington, Georgetown, Paris, and Frankfort, all containing something in reference to Morgan.

On commencing operations at this place, I discovered that there were two wires on the line along this railroad. One was what we term a "through wire," running direct from Lexington to Frankfort, and not entering any of the way offices. I found that all military messages were sent over that wire. As it did not enter Midway office I ordered it cut, thus forcing Lexington on to the wire that did run through the office.

I tested the line, and found that by applying my ground wire it made no difference with the circuit; and, as Lexington was head-quarters, I cut Frankfort off. Midway was called. I answered, and received the following:

LEXINGTON, July 15, 1862.

To J. W. WOOLUMS, Operator, Midway :

Will there be any danger in coming to Midway : is everything right ?

TAYLOR, Conductor.

I inquired of my prisoner (the operator) if he knew a man by the name of Taylor. He said that Taylor was conductor. I immediately gave Taylor the following reply :

MIDWAY, July 15, 1862.

To TAYLOR, Lexington:

All right; come on. No signs of any rebels here.
WOOLUMS.

The operator in Cincinnati then called Frankfort. I answered, and received about a dozen unimportant despatches. He had no sooner finished, when Lexington called Frankfort. Again I answered, and received the following message:

LEXINGTON, July 15, 1862.

To General FINNELL, Frankfort:

I wish you to move the forces at Frankfort on the line of the Lexington Railroad immediately, and have the cars follow and take them up as soon as possible. Further orders will await them at Midway. I will, in three or four hours, move forward on the Georgetown pike; will have most of my men mounted. Morgan left Versailles this morning, at eight o'clock, with 850 men, on the Midway road, moving in the direction of Georgetown.

Brigadier General WARD.

This being our position and intention exactly, it was thought proper to throw General Ward on some other track. So in the course of half-an-hour I manufactured and sent the following despatch, which was approved by General Morgan:

MIDWAY, July 15, 1862.

To Brigadier General WARD, Lexington:

Morgan, with upwards of one thousand men, came within a mile of here, and took the old Frankfort road, bound, as we suppose, for Frankfort. This is reliable.

WOOLUMS, Operator.

In about ten minutes Lexington again called Frankfort, when I received the following :

LEXINGTON, July 15, 1862.

To General FINNELL, Frankfort :

Morgan, with more than one thousand men, came within a mile of here, and took the old Frankfort road.

This despatch is received from Midway, and is reliable. The regiment from Frankfort had better be recalled.

General WARD.

I receipted for this message, and again manufactured a message to confirm the information General Ward had received from Midway, and not knowing the tariff from Frankfort to Lexington, I could not send a formal message ; so, appearing greatly agitated, I waited until the circuit was occupied, and broke in, telling them to wait a minute, and commenced calling Lexington. He answered with as much gusto as I called him. I telegraphed as follows :

FRANKFORT to LEXINGTON: Tell General Ward our pickets are just driven in. Great excitement. Pickets say the force of enemy must be two thousand.

OPERATOR.

It was now two o'clock, P. M., and General Morgan wished to be off for Georgetown. I run a secret ground connection, and opened the circuit on the Lexington end. This was to leave the impression that the Frankfort operator was skedaddling, or that Morgan's men had destroyed the telegraph.

We arrived at Georgetown at about the setting of the sun. I went to the telegraph office, found it locked, and inquired for the operator, who was pointed out to me on the street. I hailed him, and demanded admis-

sion into his office. He very courteously showed me in. Discovering that his instruments had been removed, I asked where they were. He said that he had sent them to Lexington. I asked him what time he had Lexington last. He said, "Nine o'clock, and since that time the line has been down." I remarked that it must be an extraordinary line to be in working condition when it was down, as I heard him sending messages to Lexington when I was at Midway at one o'clock. This was a stunner; he had nothing to say. I immediately tested the line by applying the ends of the wires to my tongue, and found the line "O. K." I said nothing to him, but called for a guard of two men to take care of Mr. Smith until I got ready to leave town. I did not interrupt the lines till after tea, when I put in my own instruments, and after listening an hour or two to the Yankees talking, I opened the conversation as follows, signing myself Federal Operator:

To LEXINGTON: Keep mum; I am in the office, reading, by the sound of my magnet, in the dark. I crawled in when no one saw me. Morgan's men are here, camped on Dr. Gano's place. GEORGETOWN.

To GEORGETOWN: Keep cool; don't be discovered. About how many rebels are there? LEXINGTON.

To LEXINGTON: I don't know; I did not notice. As Morgan's operator was asking me about my instruments, I told him I sent them to Lexington. He said "D—the luck," and went out. GEORGETOWN.

To GEORGETOWN: Be on hand, and keep us posted. LEXINGTON.

TO LEXINGTON ; I will do so. Tell General Ward I'll stay up all night, if he wishes. GEORGETOWN.

TO GEORGETOWN : Mr. Fuller wishes to know if the rebels are there. CINCINNATI.

TO CINCINNATI : Yes, Morgan's men are here. GEORGETOWN.

TO GEORGETOWN : How can you be in the office and not be arrested ? CINCINNATI.

TO CINCINNATI : Oh ! I am in the dark, and am reading by the sound of the magnet. GEORGETOWN.

This settled Cincinnati. Question after question was asked me about the rebels, and I answered to suit myself.

Things had been going on this way about two hours, when Lexington asked me where my assistant was. I replied, "Don't know." He then asked me, "Have you seen him to-day?" I replied "No." This was the last telegraphing I could do in Georgetown.

I then called on Mr. Smith, the operator, who was under guard in my room, and informed him that I would furnish him with a mule in the morning, and should be pleased to have him accompany me to Dixie, as I understood he was in the employ of the United States' government. This was anything but agreeable to him. I thought I had struck the young man in the right place, and remarked that had he not sent his instruments to Lexington, I should have taken them in preference to his person. His face brightened, and an idea struck him very forcibly, from which he made a proposition. It was to furnish me the instruments if I would release him.

This I agreed to, as such instruments were of much more value to the Confederacy than Yankee telegraphers. I accompanied him to the servant's room, and there, under the bed, in a chest, we found the instruments. Mr. Smith having given me his word on honor that he would not leave town for the next twenty-four hours, he was set at liberty to visit his wife and the young Smiths.

On arriving at Cynthiana, I found that the operator had skedaddled. I tested the wires, and found no fluid from either Covington or Lexington, nor were the wires in working order when I left the office next day.

At Paris, the operator had made a clean sweep. He left the night before, taking all his instruments.

At Crab Orchard there was no office, and I had to put in my pocket magnet, which I did at eleven, A. M. The first message I received was the following :

LOUISVILLE, July 21, 1862.

To Colonel WOOLFORD, Danville :

Pursue Morgan. He is at Crab Orchard, going to Somerset. BOYLE.

No sooner had the Danville operator receipted for this, than the operator at Lebanon suggested the following :

To LEBANON JUNCTION^{IC} : Would it not be well for Danville and offices below here to put on their ground wires when they send or receive important messages, as George Ellsworth, the rebel operator, may be on the line between here and Cumberland Gap ?

LEBANON.

The operator at the Junction agreed with him, and said it would be a good idea, but it was not carried into effect.

We arrived at Somerset that evening. I took charge of the office. I ascertained from citizens that it had been closed three weeks, up to the very hour that our advance guard arrived in town. It was just opened by the operator from London, who came to work the instrument for the purpose of catching Morgan; but, unfortunately for Uncle Sam, the operator, and all concerned, he had no time to either send or receive a message, but he had it in fine working condition for me. I had been in the office for some time, when Stanford called Somerset, and said :

I have just returned from Crab Orchard, where I have been to fix the line. The rebels tore it down. I left there at eight o'clock. The Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry had not then arrived. What time did you get in from London ?

STANFORD.

To STANFORD : Just arrived, and got my office working finely.

SOMERSET.

To SOMERSET : Any signs of Morgan yet ? He left Crab Orchard at 11.30 to-day.

STANFORD.

To STANFORD : No signs of him as yet.

SOMERSET.

To SOMERSET : For fear they may take you by surprise, I would suggest we have a private signal. What say you ?

STANFORD.

To STANFORD : Good. Before signing, we will make the figure 7.

SOMERSET.

This was mutually agreed upon. I asked when Woolford had telegraphed Boyle that his force was green and insufficient to attack Morgan.

Seeing there was no use of my losing a night's rest,

I told Stanford I would retire ; that I had made arrangements with the pickets to wake me up in case Morgan came in. The operator at Lebanon Junction urged me to sit up, but I declined, on the ground of being unwell. This did not satisfy him, but, after arguing with him for some time, I retired.

JULY 22.—Opened the office at seven o'clock, A. M.; informed the Stanford operator that Morgan had not yet arrived; made inquiries about different things; and, after everything in the town belonging to the United States was destroyed, the General gave me a few messages to send—one to Prentice, one to General Boyle, and one to Dunlap. They are hereto annexed.

I then telegraphed home, informing my relatives of my whereabouts, what I was doing, &c. I then transmitted the General's despatches as follows.

SOMERSET, July 22, 1862

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Louisville :

Good morning, George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I regret exceedingly that this is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home. All well in Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN, Commanding brigade.

General J. T. BOYLE, Louisville :

Good morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend Ellsworth has all of your des-

patches since the 10th of July, on file. Do you wish copies?

JOHN H. MORGAN, Commanding brigade.

HON. GEORGE W. DUNLAP, Washington City:

Just completed my tour through Kentucky—captured seventeen cities, destroyed millions of dollars worth of United States property; passed through your county, but regret not seeing you. We paroled fifteen hundred rebel prisoners. Your old friend,

JOHN H. MORGAN, Commanding brigade.

[The foregoing despatches were well calculated to dumbfound these Yankee dignitaries, who no doubt were half inclined to pronounce them some spiritual freak; but for concentrated audacity the following is unequalled:]

GENERAL ORDER—NO. 1.

HEADQUARTERS, TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT OF }
 KENTUCKY, CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMER- }
 ICA, GEORGETOWN, Ky., July 16, 1862.

When an operator is positively informed that the enemy is marching on his station, he will immediately proceed to destroy the telegraph instruments and all material in his charge. Such instances of carelessness as were exhibited on the part of the operators at Lebanon, Midway, and Georgetown, will be severely dealt with. By order of

G. A. ELLSWORTH,

General Military Sup't. C. S. Telegraph Department.

Hurst, the Tennessee Scout.

The Memphis correspondent of the St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat writes :

“The persecutions that Union men have suffered between here and the Tennessee river, will never be fully known; all that comes to light only serves to show what darker tales may still be unrevealed. General Wallace mentioned the name of ‘Hurst,’ a citizen of Purdy, and who has of late become famous as a scout attached to our army, and the story of whose adventures and hair-breadth escapes would, if not well authenticated, sound like romance.

“Suspected of being a Union man, he was twice arrested and examined by the vigilance committee of Purdy, where he lived, and both times was released because nothing could be proved against him. Last fall he was arrested a third time, charged with being a sympathizer with the Federal Government, a traitor and a spy, synonymous terms with the rebels. He was taken to Nashville; was tried before a military tribunal, and condemned to be hung. He was led to the place of execution; the rope was placed around his neck, and he was about to be hoisted to strangle to death, when some persons who had formerly been his warm personal friends, and who now began to think that murder would not be too strong a name for the deed they were countenancing, interfered in his behalf, and he was released under heavy bonds to report himself every few days and prove his recent whereabouts.

“In one of these intervals he went to West Tennessee, and on his way back to make his periodical report

of himself, stopped at home. As soon as he entered his house he was told to fly for his life, as a new accusation of being a traitor and a spy, had been made against him by a malicious, old rebel neighbor.

“He had barely time to make an appointment with a bound boy, who loved him more than he did his own father, to bring a favorite horse—that somehow escaped the thieving confiscations of the rebels—to the entrance of a certain alley in the town. Scarcely had he made the arrangement, when a file of Confederate soldiers was seen coming towards the house. He slipped out at the back door, passed through a neighboring garden, and in a minute more was walking composedly down the principal street of the town. His bold and composed appearance created a stir among the citizens. Men whispered together, and winked and wagged their heads significantly, and now and then would dart off to give information to the rebel guard, who were searching for him. He knew his time was short, that in a few minutes they would close in upon him from all sides, and his chance of life would not be worth a straw. He quickened his pace a little, and suddenly entered an apothecary’s shop; dozens of men were watching him. ‘Now he is trapped,’ they said; ‘he’ll be nabbed as he comes out.’ Hurst walked quickly through into the back room, and called the proprietor in after him. The apothecary entered smilingly, thinking, doubtless, of how soon he should see his guest dancing upon nothing in the air. The moment he had entered, Hurst grasped him suddenly by the throat, and placing a pistol to his ear, told him that if he at-

tempted to raise the slightest alarm, and did not do exactly as he told him, he would fire. •

“By this time a crowd had collected in front of the shop, and as they could not see what was passing in the back room, they waited until the guard should come up to arrest him. Hurst now opened the back door, and looking up the alley, he saw the faithful boy with the horse standing partly concealed in the entrance of the alley. He beckoned to the boy, who soon brought the horse to him. He then turned to the trembling fellow and said, ‘Now, sir, in the spot where you stand, the rifles of four of my faithful friends are covering you; they are hid in places that you least suspect; and if you move within the next ten minutes, they will fire; but if you remain perfectly quiet, they will not harm you.’ The apothecary had become so completely ‘frickened,’ as the Irish would say, by the touch of cold steel at his ears, that he did not recognize at once the improbability of his story. In an instant more Hurst had put spurs to his horse, and dashed out of the alley, leaving the terrified apothecary gaping after him, and the faithful boy crying at his master’s danger; and in another instant the rebel soldiers and the crowd entered the store, rushed madly through the back room and out at the back door, just in time to see Hurst dashing out of the alley at full speed.

“In a Southern town there are always a number of saddled horses tethered about the streets. Soldiers and citizens made a rush for these, and presently a dozen riders were thundering pell-mell down the street,

in the man hunt. But, thanks to the speed of his horse, Hurst soon distanced them all.

“There were those in the edge of the town who might have stopped him by throwing rails or other obstructions in the way of his horse as he passed ; but perhaps they felt that natural sympathy which all feel for a brave man when he is in danger ; or if not, perhaps they did not altogether fancy the determined look of his countenance, nor the appearance of the cocked revolver in his hand. He escaped into the woods, made his way to our army near Nashville, and entered with the army into the city, as he said, to defend his bondsmen from any damage they might suffer by his non-appearance, and report himself as he had agreed.

“Since that time Hurst has been attached to the army as a scout ; and in the country where he was so cruelly persecuted, his name became a watchword of alarm to the rebels.

“When our army entered Purdy, the place of his residence and the scene of his Putnam-like escape, he took a comical revenge on the neighbor who had made the last charge against him of being a spy, and which came so near finishing his mortal career :

“As soon as our forces were camped in the town, Hurst went to the Commandant, and asked to have two soldiers sent with him to make an important arrest. The men were detailed, and Hurst proceeded with them to his secession neighbor's house, arrested him and commanded him to follow. He then proceeded to the county jail, and demanded of the jailor his bunch of keys. In the centre of this jail was a curious iron cage, constructed so that the occupant could not stand

nor even sit comfortably ; he must lie down. Hurst unlocked the door and invited his Secesh friend to enter. Reb began to beg. 'Why, Hurst, you don't mean to put me in there?' 'Don't I, though? Here, you soldier, give me your bayonet!' Old Reb was persuaded, and crawled in. Hurst locked the cage door, put the key in his pocket, told the two soldiers they might return to their quarters, and walked off. He did not make his appearance again until the next day, when, 'very unfortunately,' he had lost the key, and it took our troops over half a day to cut the old sinner out of his uncomfortable quarters."

THE REBELS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—The rebels have used our telegraph wire in Virginia with even more success than they did in Kentucky, and with quite as much impudence. The moment Fitz Hugh Lee captured Manassas, he telegraphed in the name of Gen. Pope's Chief of Staff to the proper officer in Washington, requesting him to send to the Junction a large supply of shelter tents and harness for artillery horses. The order was promptly filled, and the rebels were soon gladdened by the appearance of a train loaded with what they wanted. Jackson, on his arrival, sent a message to the Superintendent of Military Railroads, coolly asking him to change the time-table on the road for his accommodation. We shall probably soon find these and other equally gratifying correspondence published in the form of a telegraphic operator's diary in the Southern newspapers.

Preserving the Constitution.

Among the incidents attending the operations of the celebrated Mackerelville Brigade, at or near the Seat of War, is the following, recounted by the historiographer extraordinary of the corps, Mr. Kerr. It seems that just at the moment when the Conic Section was proceeding to make a "masterly movement,"

"An aged chap came dashing down from a First Family country seat near by, and says he to the General of the Mackerel Brigade :

" 'I demand a guard for my premises immediately. My wife,' says he, with dignity, 'has just been making a custard-pie for the sick Confederacies in the hospital, and as she has just set it out to cool near where my little boy shot one of your Vandals this morning, she is afraid it might be taken by your thieving mudsills when they come after the body. I therefore demand a guard for my premises in the name of the Constitution of our forefathers.'

"Here Capt. Bob Shorty stepped forward, and says he :

" 'What does the Constitution say about custard-pie, Mr. Davis ?'

"The aged chap spat at him, and says he :

" 'I claim protection under that clause which refers to the pursuit of happiness. 'Custard pies,' says he, reasoningly, 'are included in the pursuit of happiness.'

" 'That's very true,' says the General, looking kindly over his fan at the venerable petitioner. 'Let a guard be detailed to protect this good old man's premises. We are fighting for the Constitution, not against it.'

“A guard was detailed, my boy, with orders to make no resistance if they were fired upon occasionally from the windows of the house; and then Capt. Brown pushed forward with what was left of Company 3, to engage the Confederacy on the edge of Duck Lake supported by the Orange County Howitzers.”

Daring Adventure by Union Soldiers.

Major Wynkoop, of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was sent from Nashville, with fourteen men, to make a reconnoissance about Murfreesboro. Upon arriving there he found the town occupied by rebels, and not being able to obtain the information desired, determined to enter the town. As he entered he was hailed with joy by the inhabitants and soldiers, thinking it was their own scouts. They passed through the town. As they passed by the square it was full of rebel soldiers. The Major obtained all the information needed; but as he was coming out of the town a rebel rode up and, looking him in the face, exclaimed, “Union men, by God!” But the Major boldly charged through the rebel hosts, now gathered in his front, and brought off all his men in safety. After crossing the bridge, three miles south of Murfreesboro, his gallant men tore up the planks, and thus detained the pursuing rebel cavalry several hours. During the interim the Major rested his men and horses, and by the time the rebels were able to effect a crossing, he was ready to go on. His camp was reached without the loss of a man.

Burnside and the Fisherman.

Gen. Burnside was recently sailing outside of Fort Macon in a yacht, when he encountered an old fisherman.

“What news?” inquired the General.

“Well,” answered the old fisherman, “they do say old Burnside is down here, sword in hand, givin’ ’em——”

“Do you know Burnside?” he asked.

“No,” was the response; “but I should like to see him. I should know him if I were to see him, for I’ve seen his picture.”

The General removed his hat, displaying his bald head,

“Halloo!” exclaimed the fisherman, “you are the old fellow himself, ain’t you? You look just like the picture Sam Thompson brought down from Hatteras. How are you, General? I’m glad to see you.”



DRUBBING A PRISONER.—A correspondent of a Philadelphia journal gives the following incident of the field in the late skirmish before the rebel capitol. An Irish lad brought in a prisoner. The said prisoner became very insolent. Pat threw down his musket and bantered the chivalric Virginian to a fist fight. Both pitched in, and it was not long ere the Virginian got a severe drubbing. The Irishman threw him around like an old pillow. This was witnessed by all the troops on the outposts.

The Burning of Cotton.

The cotton burning around Memphis, furnishes some instances of brutal cruelty that "harrow up the soul."

One poor farmer, a little way from town, was favored by Providence with five bales. These, with a rifle that cost him \$25, about comprised his worldly possessions. Upon these his family were entirely dependent. The regimental cotton-burners came. They spoke in the name of the Conthieveracy. The poor man implored that his five bales might be saved. They were all the property he had in the world. This was impossible. He begged that one bale might be left to him. The cotton-burners were inexorable. They applied the torch. The poor man's five bales were consumed. The cotton-burners turned rifle-searchers. The poor man said, "It cost me \$25. Give me five for it; I haven't a dollar in the world." The cotton-burners were deaf to every entreaty of the poor man. They destroyed his cotton, and carried away his rifle. He is in that city now, begging for food and clothing.

A Louisiana planter, under similar circumstances, produced a very dissimilar result. The cotton-burners came, they saw, they—departed.

"We have come to burn your cotton, sir."

"By what authority?"

"By the authority of Gen. Beauregard."

"You will not burn my cotton."

"We will burn your cotton."

"Go about it, then. But it is my opinion, gentlemen, that you will not burn it."

“What do you propose to do? You don’t mean to say that you will show any opposition to our authority?”

“I simply mean to say that you will not burn my cotton. Bob, bring a coal of fire.”

The fire is brought.

“Gentlemen, there is the fire, and yonder are one hundred bales of cotton. Proceed.”

“Your conduct is very extraordinary, sir. We should like to know what you mean.”

“Well, sir, I mean that if you attempt to burn that cotton, I will scatter your brains so far and wide that no power in heaven or earth can bring them together again. Here, boys, that cotton is yours; defend it, or starve.”

“D—d strange conduct,” mutters Mr. officer, sullenly. “We’ll attend to your case, sir. We are going down the river; we will give you a visit on our return.”

“Do. Whenever you make up your mind to burn my cotton, by all means come and burn.”

The cowed officer and his posse “fell back in good order.” The valiant Louisianian saved his cotton. He has had no second visit from Beauregard’s cotton-burners. I have yet to hear of an instance of voluntary submission to this cruel cotton order of Beauregard. In thousands of cases, remonstrance, threats of men, and tears of women and children, were of no avail.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

Another Female Secesh.

The receipt of the news of the battles before Richmond occasioned a tumultuous flutter among the rebels. Ex-Senator Nicholson took a prominent part, and Gen. Negley ordered his arrest.

"ORDER OF ARREST.

" *Head Quarters U. S. Forces,* }
Columbia, July 28. }

" *Capt. Brinker, Provost-Marshal :*

Sir—Place in close confinement, on soldier's fare, Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, an avowed traitor to his country, and for using the following language: 'that he had been a sympathiser with the South, and was still a sympathizer with the rebellion; that he had made up his mind to take the consequences before he would take the oath.'

" JAS. S. NEGLEY, Brigadier-General

A large number of gentlemen called upon General Negley, many of them, I regret to say, being loyal men, and importuned for his release. But the General informed them all that he would transgress his duty should he release so vile a traitor; and that, as he had deliberately announced that he was prepared to take all the responsibility before he would take the oath, he must extricate himself honorably, and secure liberty in no other way.

In the afternoon of his arrest, the traitor's wife called upon Gen. Negley, and asked permission to take her husband a pillow and some food.

The General informed her that he would permit no such thing; that her husband was prepared for the consequences, and must suffer them.

“ But ” said the lady, “ where is he confined ? ”

“ In the guard-house, madam, with a soldier who has been imprisoned for stealing,” was the General’s answer.

This enraged the lady, and she vehemently inquired of the officer if he meant to compare the crime of her husband to the petty transgressions of a low black-guard of a soldier ?

“ Madam,” replied the General, “ you ask me a direct question, and I am not in the least inclined to evade an answer ; but you must not consider me indelicate when I inform you that your husband richly deserves hanging ; and that, in my estimation, there is no crime so enormous as treason to the United States Government.”

Mrs. Nicholson immediately bestowed upon General Negley the vilest of abuse, and exhausted the vocabulary of opprobrious epithets in her rage, telling him that her husband “ was willing to take the oath with her consent, but that he should rot in jail first.”

REBEL PRACTICES.—The correspondent of the World, now with General Milroy’s division in the Shenandoah Valley, says that the rebel guerillas lately took two Union soldiers prisoners, and having tied them each to a tree, as they thought securely, left them in the woods to starve to death. One of them, however, managing to disengage himself, untied the other, and thus saved their lives. Gen. Pope has issued a bull, in which he threatens to shoot every guerilla he captures.

Probable Tragic Close of an Eventful Career.

Cleggett Fitzhugh was one of the renegade Union men who were captured in the cavalry dash on Longstreet's train near Harper's Ferry.

He has been engaged in business for an extensive ironmonger near the Maryland line. He acquired notoriety as the man who (in company with Daniel Logan, a celebrated negro catcher) arrested Cook, the confrere of John Brown. Cook had escaped, and taking the mountainous ranges, had kept them until he had got within the lines of Maryland. Fitzhugh met him when Cook, exhausted for want of food, ventured down from the mountains to seek it. Meeting Fitzhugh, he gave him the masonic sign, which the latter returned.

Cook at once entered into conversation, and told him who he was, and his condition, asking for relief. Fitzhugh told him to come with him. Logan, at a given sign from Fitzhugh, seized Cook from behind, and being a powerful man, he held Cook fast. The latter resisted desperately, and would have eluded even Logan's grasp, had not Fitzhugh interfered with them. The force of the two athletic men was too great for Cook, and he was taken to jail, in Pennsylvania, remanded by Gov. Packer to Virginia, and hung.

Logan is said to have often told as a good joke, among his companions, in boon moments, that Cook had said to him and Fitzhugh that he knew he would die, but that they would end their days upon the scaffold. This seems likely to become true. Fitzhugh is incarcerated, and is not a prisoner of war. Logan is now under arrest, and, if justice be done, will be

retained and tried, if not for treason, most probably for high crimes and misdemeanors. Cook may have prophesied truly.

Gen. McCall's First Escape.

Gen. McCall had a narrow escape of capture on the evening of the 27th June, after the battle of Gaines Hill. After the battle was over, Gen. McCall decided to seek the house which had been Gen. Porter's headquarters in the early part of the day; and, attended by an officer of his staff, Major Lewis, of the Pennsylvania Artillery, started out in pursuit of it. They mistook the road in the darkness; and after riding nearly a mile, they came to a house which proved to be a hospital. They were met at the door by a young assistant-surgeon, who informed them he had six wounded soldiers there, that he belonged to the regular U. S. Army, and that the rebel pickets were on three sides of him. He said that as it was neutral ground, they had not attempted to molest him, but he seriously advised the General and Major to get back to their lines as soon as might be. This advice they proceeded to avail themselves of, and turned the corner of the hospital to return, but they had not gone ten yards, before they were greeted with the sharp, "halt" of the sentry. An orderly who had attended them advanced at the command "advance, friend, and give the countersign," and responded, "escort with the General." "What is your name?"

cried the guard. "Give him my name," said the General. "General McCall," answered the orderly. "General what?" said the sentry. "Gen. McCall," said the orderly; and the picket, not seeming to recognize or understand the name, the General rode forward and repeated, "General McCall." "Of what army?" asked the sentinel. "The army of the Potomac," replied the General. "Yes, yes," said the guard; "but on what side?" "The command of Major-General McClellan," said the General. "The h—ll you do," yelled the sentry, and he raised his piece, two others doing the same, who had remained quiet. The Major, who it seems had previously "smelled a rat," having detected the Southern accent in the queries, had taken the precaution to quietly wheel his horse, and as they fired, sank his spurs into his horse and plunged forward, taking the General's horse by the rein. They dashed off, and although fired at more than twenty times by the now aroused enemy, succeeded in getting back safely to camp, having suffered no injury except to their horses, all of which were hit, and one killed.



WHAT THEY ALL NEED.—An officer of an Indiana regiment in passing through one of the streets of Norfolk, met a pretty little girl of eight years and gently patted her on the head, when the mother, who observed it from a window, rushed to the door and bawled out at the top of her voice, "Come right straight in the house, Susannah, and I will wash your head!"

A New York Heroine.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, writing from Tunstall's Station, says :

“As we passed the house of Dr. Webb, about two miles back on our march, there appeared, by the roadside, a female dressed in soldier clothes, who, with tears running down her cheeks, piteously begged for permission to go on the baggage train and go with the troops. She was a most melancholy sight; and, on inquiry I learned her simple story.

“She came from Chenango county, New York, and her husband was an armorer in the 61st New York regiment. Ever since his enlistment she had gone with him, acting as nurse for the sick soldiers. At Alexandria she became separated from the regiment, and lost all her baggage. Without money, friends, or advice, she knew not what to do, but finally concluded to unsex herself, and did so. She joined a Pennsylvania dragoon corps, but was soon discovered. An officer promised to take charge of her. He cared for her a few days, and, when he thought his time had arrived, made infamous proposals to her, which she resisted. This angered him, and he turned her out in a strange land, among an unfriendly people and a dangerous and in many cases, a brutal army. At the doctor's house they roughly told her she must move on, and she had come to the roadside to beg permission to go and find her husband, no matter in what capacity, so that it be an honorable one.

“I am rejoiced to state that she at last found shelter. The kind hearts of the teamsters of Gen. Slocum's bri-

gade were soon touched ; she was mounted on a wagon and went on her way happy.

“The woman’s sex could easily have been discovered. Voice, looks, actions and shape were all tell-tales, yet she had successfully passed guards and broke through orders, until the brutality of a man who should be instantly cashiered, turned her out by the roadside, homeless and friendless. After this, let no one think that American women have degenerated in these days of misfortune and trouble.”

“Not unless they Lay Down their Arms.”

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, writing from one of the camps near Corinth, relates the following anecdote :

“An Indiana Chaplain selected, for singing, the hymn commencing,

‘Show pity, Lord ; O, Lord forgive,
Let a repentant rebel live,’

He had scarcely uttered the last word of this line, when a private soldier in his congregation—an old man and a zealous christian—earnestly cried out :

“No, Lord, unless they lay down their arms.”

While the clergyman was offering the concluding prayer, a rifle shot was heard as if from our pickets, a mile beyond. The report of the gun was immediately followed by an exclamation from the same venerable Hoosier—

“Lord, if that’s a Union shot, send the bullet straight ; an’ if it ain’t, hit a tree with it, Lord !”

An F. F. V. Outwitted by a Chicago Fire Zouave.

An industrious and shrewd typo from the Queen City of the Lakes, under Col. Ellsworth, was out on picket duty in the Old Dominion, when a haughty son of the chivalry rode up, driven of course by his servant. Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro and white man at one charge, and roared out "Tickets." Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mudsills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey, and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo.

"All right," said the latter, glancing at it, "move on"—accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat-collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue. "What? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass."

Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer of it has already passed. You can't get two men through this picket on one man's pass."

Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion when the "shooting-stick" was brandished toward his own breast.

"Where's your pass, sirrah?"

"Here, massa," presenting the same one he had received from the gent in the carriage.

"Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't let any one come from Fairfax on that ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hard gallop.

"Now, sir, if you stay here any longer, I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. caught up his reins, wheeled around, and went off at the best trot his horse could manage, over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up, is not known.

Take your Choice, Madam.

At Nashville the ladies have been peculiarly spiteful and bitter against the hated rival which waves victorious over the stars and bars. It sometimes happens, however, that they are compelled to render a formal obedience at least, to the spangled folds.

Over the large gate at the Provost Marshal's splendid headquarters—Elliot's Female School—waves a Union flag. A very ardent secesh lady, who wished to see Col. Matthews, was about to pass through the gate, when looking up she beheld the proud flag flapping like an eagle's wing over his eyrie. Starting back—horror struck, she held up her hands and exclaimed to the guard :

"Dear me! I can't go under that dreadful Lincoln flag. Is there no other way for me to enter?"

"Yes, madam," promptly replied the orderly; and turning to his comrade, he said :

"Here, orderly, bring out that rebel flag and lay it on the ground at the little gate, and let this lady walk over it!"

The lady looked bewildered, and after hesitating a moment, concluded to bow her head to the invincible Goddess of Liberty, whose immaculate shrine is the "Star Spangled Banner." The rebels may all just as well conclude to follow her example.

An Escape.

At the West Point battle, Lieut. Montgomery, of Gen. Newton's staff, a dashing officer, had a remarkably narrow escape. He rode into the very midst of the enemy, when some of them cried out,

"Where is Col. Hampton?"

"About ten rods off," was the answer of Montgomery, as he put spurs to his horse and dashed away. A volley of musketry followed him, piercing his horse in a dozen places, and killing him. The officer fell unhurt, but feigned death. The rebels rushed forward, turned him over, making remarks which excited his risibilities, when he burst out laughing. They jerked him up with curses, and were moving away with him when a shell from Hexamer's 1st New Jersey Artillery burst among them. This was followed by another in such close proximity that they dropped their prisoner, who exclaimed,

"Go in, boys—I'll follow."

They ran in one direction, and he in another, making good his escape.

A Maryland Unionist.

The rebel officers treated the citizens of Frederick with a great deal of courtesy, but generally forced upon them their worthless Confederate notes and scrip, in exchange for provisions, or anything else they desired. The merchants and others who had articles to sell, upon the rebel forces entering the town, closed their places of business and refused to sell. Stuart threatened to use force unless the stores were opened, and then the merchants concealed the bulk of their stocks, and opened their doors. One of the largest harness-makers in town saved his stock by placing small lots at the houses of his friends, leaving in his store a small quantity of the most undesirable articles. At one store, Colonel Gordon, (of the *Charleston Mercury*, and formerly of New Bedford, Mass.,) called at a store, and insisted upon paying for goods he wanted in Confederate notes. The merchant happened to be a man who did not hesitate to utter his Union sentiments freely, and he told the gallant rebel that the Confederate notes were not worth the paper they were printed on. The Colonel, in reply to this, asked, "And pray what may be your political sentiments?"

Merchant: I am a Union man, sir, and always intend to remain one.

Colonel: Indeed! are there many people like you here?

Merchant: Yes, sir. We have voted on Secession, and this district gave three thousand majority for the Union.

Colonel: Yes, at the point of the bayonet.

Merchant : No, sir ; there were neither bayonets nor muskets to intimidate us. Every man was free to vote as he pleased.

Colonel : Then we have been most damnably deceived.

The merchant then wanted to know why the rebels wanted to disturb the peace of the State, by coming here, to which the Colonel again replied that they had been deceived—that they had received thousands of letters from Maryland, stating that the people were oppressed by the Lincoln government, but that they (the rebel troops) had been treated since their arrival here d—d coolly, and “I feel like h—ll.”

The above is from a highly respectable citizen of Frederick, and can be relied upon as true.

Joking on the Battle Field.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in describing the first day of the battle of Fair Oaks, thus refers to the unsuccessful attempt of the 55th New York to go into fire :

“Their movement in response to the order ‘Forward!’ was not impulsive from front to rear. It hitched in sections, like the drawing out of the joints of a field-glass. Omen of evil! In 30 minutes red-capped and red-trousered men, mostly without their muskets, were under the fire of the scorn and the jeering of the New York 62d—a fire more galling and insupportable, as it seemed to me, than any that ever spouted from muskets. ‘Mounsheer, the muss is the other way!’ ‘Hello, lobsters! we are Union men—we ain’t rebels. What

are you running at us for?" "The 62d is good shelter; fall in behind!" Not a wrathful reply was made. The bursting of the rebel shells overhead, the screaming of their solid long shot, and the cutting of the tree tops, made the place and the time totally unsuited for reparation or discussion. The 62d opened its laughing ranks, and the gory-colored, but unbloody, passed through and passed on."

California Joe at his Work.

In this long range business, California Joe is about as usual, and adding to his laurels, still using his own pet rifle. Speaking of California Joe, I must here be pardoned a digression in stating a fact about him that has never yet found its way into type. Bachelor that he is, and of rough exterior, he has a heart as big as an ox, "rudely stamped, and wanting love's majesty." Shortly after joining the regiment he drew up his will, giving, in case of his death in battle, \$60,000, on deposit in the Merchants' Bank, Philadelphia, to the widows and orphans of those of the regiment killed during the war. I was told this fact by an officer of the regiment who witnessed the will. And here is an incident of which he is the hero.

Our General was near one of the bridges, giving directions about the work. A rebel sharpshooter had been amusing himself, and annoying the General and other officers, by firing several times in that direction, and sending the bullets whistling in unwelcome proximity to their heads.

"My man, can't you get your piece on that fellow who is firing on us, and stop his impertinence?" asked the General.

"I think so," replied Joe, and he brought his telescopic rifle to a horizontal position.

"Do you see him?" inquired the General.

"I do."

"How far is he away?"

"Fifteen hundred yards."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I'll try."

And Joe did try. He brought his piece to a steady aim, pulled the trigger, and sent the bullet whizzing on its experimental tour, the officers meantime looking through their field glasses. Joe hit the fellow in the leg or foot. He went hobbling up the hill on one leg and two hands, in a style of locomotion that was amusing. Our General was so tickled—there is no better word—at the style and celerity of the fellow's retreat, that it was some time before he could get command of his risibles sufficiently to thank Joe for what he had done.

THE WRONG WAY.—A member of the regimental staff of the 8th Alabama regiment, lying at Richmond, lost himself one morning in the woods. Coming upon the Union pickets, he was brought to a stand, and mistaking the character of the men, inquired for his regiment. The picket directed him to the Colonel's tent for information. He went there, and was told to consider himself a prisoner. He merely replied, "A d—d funny mistake of our picket to send me the wrong way."

Carson, the Scout.

Among the killed at Pittsburg Landing was "Young Carson the Scout," a man of wonderful daring and energy, reckless of danger, but prudent, acute, active, and intelligent, rivalling in all these qualities his namesake of the Plains and Rocky Mountains. His name in full was Irving W. Carson. He was born in Scotland, although in *physique* he was a true type of the men of the North-west. He emigrated from his native country, then a mere youth, to Chicago, Illinois, in the year 1853, and obtained employment in the Illinois Central Machine-shops. Subsequently he left the building and repairing of engines to run them, and for a long time faithfully fulfilled the duties of an engineer upon the above road. Naturally roving in his disposition, and undecided as to his calling, about two years since he changed avocations abruptly and singularly, and entered a law office in Chicago as a lawyer's clerk. He was a faithful student, rose rapidly in his profession, and about the time the war broke out, was admitted to the bar. Nature, however, had not destined him for the forum, and it is a matter of doubt whether he would have succeeded in the practice of his profession. At the first call for volunteers, young Carson abandoned his calling, and enlisted as a private in Barker's Dragoons, in which company he received his first lessons in the school of war. Subsequently he was attached to General Prentiss' staff, as a scout, at Cairo, then went into the same service under General Grant, whose confidence he enjoyed thoroughly. General Grant entrusted to him the most delicate and dangerous missions,

all of which he fulfilled to the very letter of his instructions. At the time of his death, he had just returned to General Grant with the intelligence that General Buell's reinforcements were coming up, delivered his message, stepped back, and that instant a cannon ball took off his head.

Carson was about six feet two inches in height, very slight, but well knit, sinewy, alert, and handsomely formed. His face was thin, and bronzed by exposure to all kinds of weather; his cheek-bones high and prominent, his eyes large, black and piercing, and his hair, which he always wore very long, as black as a raven's. He combined in his personal appearance the peculiarities of an Indian with a native Southerner, a fact which was of great advantage to him in his scouting expeditions among the rebels. He was very taciturn and non-communicative, even among his friends; made little conversation, and appeared and disappeared like a flash. Vidocq himself could not have been more mysterious. We have known him to retire early in the evening, and would find him in bed early in the morning, and yet during the night he had ridden many miles. He was seldom absent any length of time, as his expeditions required the utmost despatch. We have known him to come into the room, hastily seize his saddle, spurs, and pistol, mount his horse—and he was a splendid horseman—dash off in a direction no one ever thought of taking, and only a few hours after would be strolling about the St. Charles like some awkward rustic just in from the Egyptian swamps.

His trip to Columbus, Kentucky, was an instance of the manner in which he accomplished his duties. He

rose early that morning, arrayed himself in a rough homespun suit of blue—a style of clothing which alternates with the “butternut” among the rebels—rowed across the Ohio to the Kentucky shore, tied up his skiff, and struck off through the woods and swamps until he reached a corn-crib, near which a wagon and pair of mules were standing. Carson rapidly loaded the wagon with corn from the crib, jumped aboard, and drove off at a rapid pace for Columbus. He reached the town about ten o’clock in the forenoon, having passed the enemy’s pickets without trouble, and came rattling down the bluff behind the town at a merry pace. The rebel General Polk confiscated the wagon, corn, and one of the mules, magnanimously allowing him the other to return with. Before leaving, however, he obtained permission to go through the fortifications, the rebels little dreaming of the real character of the awkward Kentucky farmer they were admitting into their works. He spent two or three hours upon the bluff, ascertained the number of guns, their calibre and range, a rough estimate of the forces, and made a diagram of the spot while in the water battery. He ate dinner in one of the log houses used as barracks by the soldiers, and about two o’clock left the town upon his mule, with his thumb upon his nose, and fingers gyrating Columbusward. At eight o’clock the same evening he was seated in the supper-room of the St. Charles at Cairo. We were present when our forces occupied Columbus, and found his diagram was correct in all its particulars. The same diagram appeared in many papers after the evacuation, to the correspondents of which he had furnished it.

He was present at the battle of Donelson as General Grant's special courier. Upon the Sunday when the rebel Buckner sent in his flag of truce, he was ordered to go to the right wing and tell General Wallace, General McClelland and Colonel Oglesbe to storm the works of the enemy at once. In a letter written to a friend in this city, which we have before us, alluding to this order, he says: "I never went with a despatch to any place in my life faster than I did with that one. I felt as if I wanted to see the last man wiped out. I have got a natural hatred for traitors, and never intend to let any chance slip, when I can dispose of them in a decent way."

After the battle, he found many letters in the rebel camp. Among them was one from an interesting young woman in the Southern part of Tennessee, writing to her brother, desiring him to capture a live Yankee, and send him to her for a pet. On one of his scouting expeditions, some time after, he made it in his way to call upon the identical young lady. He went to the house, and inquired for the damsel that wanted a pet. She soon made her appearance. He told her he had been captured at Fort Donelson by her brother, and had been sent to her as a pet, and very politely informed her he was at her service. The young woman looked horrified, and said there must be some mistake. Carson said there was not; that he was going to live South in the future, and more than that, was bound to be her pet, and would make himself as useful as possible, strongly intimating that she might do the same by getting him some dinner. The young woman, scared out of her senses, complied, and furnished him an excellent

meal, during which he showed her the letter, and informed her that her brother was a prisoner in the Federal camp. The young woman went into hysterics, and the whole family commenced a sort of Tennessee dance. By this time his arrival was noised about in the neighborhood, and as preparations were making which looked to an unpleasant state of things for Carson, he mounted his horse, and was off and out of sight not a minute too soon for his safety.

His hatred of traitors was most bitter and intense—when he did speak of them, it was only to denounce them in the most violent terms. Even in his sleep he would toss about restlessly, and mutter his denunciations. One night we distinctly remember at the “St. Charles,” when he jumped from his bed and frantically rushed about the room, cursing secessionists, and thrusting his cutlass into the bureau, chairs and wall with desperate strength. The next instant, a correspondent, lying in another bed, was horrified to behold him rushing at him and thrusting the cutlass into the sheets, at the same time expressing a vigorous determination to rid the world of one more traitor. The correspondent was out of the sheets and under the bed in a twinkling. It was a long time before Carson was awakened to a realizing sense of what he was doing. After that, no one was especially desirous of sleeping with him.

The last letter he ever wrote was to a lady in Chicago, and is as follows :

SAVANNAH, March 20th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND : Your note of March 17th was handed to me last night, in General Grant’s headquarters. I have been absent for eight days. I went with des-

patches from this place to find General Buell. I was ignorant of his whereabouts, but made up my mind to keep going until I found his division. I kept on until we came to Columbia, Tenn., just 150 miles from this place. In traversing this distance I was obliged to pass through three secession camps. As everything depended upon my getting through safely, I came to the conclusion that I would make the trip, or get down to New Orleans in trying. After four days' ride I got to Nashville, some two hundred miles from this point. I felt as if a feather-bed would not hurt me in the least, but to my surprise I was ordered to return to General Grant with my despatches. I mounted a pretty nearly worn-out horse, and again set out to brave whatever dangers might lie in my path. For a long distance we passed off for secession soldiers, and got along finely till we reached Columbia. In coming to this place, the Southern soldiers had been through the town, and the bridge had been destroyed across Duck river, which obliged us to leave our horses in a livery stable. In the meantime, the secesh soldiers came into town, and made inquiries as to where we left our horses. I came to the conclusion that they would catch me and get my despatches, which would give them just the information they needed. They placed men all around the town for the purpose of catching me. I had only two men with me, and one of them did not amount to much. I told them I was going to run through, or burst up in business. We moved on very slowly till we came close on to them. I put spurs to my horse, the other two doing the same, dashed through the stream, and got through

safe. They chased us for a long distance, but we soon left them far behind.

We are expecting a battle soon. Perhaps, after the fight, *if I do not get killed*, I will make a visit to Chicago. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your true friend,

I. W. CARSON,

Major-General Grant's Scouts.

Poor Carson's presentiment was realized. His mutilated body was sent to Chicago, where it was interred, as was befitting, with military honors. His valuable services, rendered at all times in the most imminent danger, will secure for him a lasting and grateful recollection as one of the youthful martyrs of the war.

Drumming a Coward out of Camp.

The culprit, after having his head shaved, has affixed to his back in large characters the degrading epithet "coward;" the regiment is drawn up, and he passes between the lines, two of his former comrades closely pressing upon him with fixed bayonets, whilst he is preceded by two of the regiment with arms reversed, an indication that the culprit is dead to the corps. He is, in this humiliating position, marched between the ranks. The drummers follow after him, beating the rogue's march. Any one who considers for a moment, though he has never witnessed the scene, cannot fail to appreciate the degraded position of the culprit. Certainly such an example must have a permanent and salutary effect upon the minds of men valuing honor and manhood above life.

Rebels Caught in their own Trap.

A private letter from a soldier in General Jameson's brigade says: "Our division, or rather brigade, took eighteen prisoners yesterday, down at Pohic Church. They were taken by Colonel Hayes, of the 63d Pennsylvania Volunteers, an active and efficient officer. The 63d were out on picket duty, and the attention of the sergeant of the guard being drawn to the tinkling of a cow-bell in the bushes, with visions of new milk running through his head, he examined carefully, and, to his intense astonishment, he found himself euchered of his milk, and no cows there, but he made the discovery that as he advanced said cow-bell retreated. The sergeant smelt a moderate sized mice, and made a double-quick retrograde movement without investigating further. He immediately reported the fact to Col. Hays. The colonel secreted a squad of men in the woods, and the sergeant made himself conspicuous. Soon the gentle tinkle of a cow-bell was again heard. The sergeant kept threshing in the bushes, and the bell gently tinkled, approaching all the while. Soon the squad in ambush had the satisfaction to observe the cautious approach, not of a cow, but of a veritable Secesher, with a cow-bell around his neck, and a 6-shooter stuck in his belt. He came slowly on until within easy range of our men. The sergeant then hailed him and asked where he had rather go; "to — or to Washington." "To Washington, I reckon," drawled the Secesher. "I ain't clothed for warm weather," and he came up, without looking to the right or the left, and delivered himself up. He would have been looked upon as quite a hero

by our men, if the revengeful Secesher had not given information where the balance of his comrades were. That night, company A, Pennsylvania 63d, went about six miles outside our pickets, and took seventeen prisoners and six horses. One of the Seceshers requested the hostler to take good care of his horse, for he had had nothing to eat for two days."

A Demijohn Drilled and its Contents Spiked.

A correspondent says: "Some one had been permitted to set up a tent inside of our lines, and sell eatables to the soldiers. This individual dared to sell rum, which made a few drunk and noisy. This drunkard-maker was arrested by the Colonel's orders and taken to the guard-house. His liquor was also seized. He was drummed out to the tune of 'Rogue's March,' presenting a laughable appearance, with a bottle slung over each shoulder, a toddy-stick in his rear, soldiers ahead of him and soldiers behind him with bayonets charged. After this the sound of shattered glass told us that the demijohn was drilled, and its contents spilled."

In the enemy's lines the reverse seems to be the order of the day, if we may judge from the following: "On the first night after my arrival, in passing from one quarter to another, I was stopped by a sentinel, whom I recognized as private P——, (though he did not recognize me). I was asked 'Who goes there?' and replied, 'A friend with a bottle;' the reply was, 'Advance bottle and draw stopper,' which I did, and was suffered to pass on my way rejoicing."

An Incident of the Williamsburg Battle.

Some years ago, a young Georgian, whom we will for the present call Arthur, came to New York to take a clerkship in one of the leading publishing houses of this city. Of good connection, and possessing a fair share of worldly goods, he passed his time pleasantly in the gay metropolis of the Western world. The fearful storm which had for years been gathering in the South, was now casting its deepening shadows on every part of the country; and the roar of Sumter's cannon ushered it in with all its fury. We all remember how New York responded to the duty which this event imposed on her, and how her streets resounded with the tramp of gathering hosts, and the music of fife and drum.

Arthur, forgetful of his Georgian home, of parents, brothers, and sisters, caught the spirit of the time, and enrolled his name under the "Stars and Stripes," in one of the volunteer regiments of this city. An eventful year passed away, and the army of the Potomac was before Yorktown. The regiment to which Arthur belonged, took an active part in the daily conflicts before that position. After its evacuation, his regiment was among the advance at Williamsburg, driving back the rebels to their stronghold.

The battle of Williamsburg was fought, and we find Arthur among the wounded prisoners who fell into the enemy's hands. He was taken to the common hospital and there left on the bare floor, to get along as best he could.

Arthur having obtained some water, managed to

wash and dress his own wounds, as well as circumstances would permit. His next object was to escape from the sickening horrors around him; and for this purpose he commenced making his way over and among the dead and dying, which were lying singly and in heaps around him. Among the harrowing sights which met his eye, was one which bound him awe-stricken to the spot. An aged man was kneeling on the rough floor, supporting the lifeless form of a young rebel officer in his arms, murmuring words of prayer, and kissing the pale brow now cold in death. Trembling with conflicting emotions, the young Union soldier knelt beside the grief-stricken man, murmuring, "Father! Brother!"

Arthur has since returned to New York. The story we have told is a true one, as more than one furloughed soldier or denizen of our hospitals can testify.

Clearing the Battle-field after an Engagement.

Few can form an adequate idea of the horrifying and repulsive aspect of a hotley contested battle-field the day after the fight. The ground is literally strewn with slain animals, the decay of which, would be apt, in popular language, "to breed a pestilence" among the troops in their neighborhood. To prevent this, burning the dead animals is an easier as well as safer practice than burying them.

"Clearing the battle-field," however, means more than the mere disposing of the poor dead brutes that man has pressed into service. It means the gathering of the wounded, the burying of the slain, and the remo-

val from the face of the fair earth and the eye of heaven, of the hideous traces of man's rage and wickedness. This sad task can only be described by those who have participated in it, and over its horrors the impulses of humanity bid us draw a veil.

A Yankee Trick in Missouri.

The Yankee is not only up to tricks in trade, but knows how to play them off in war too, when he wants to trap a secessionist. Among the most cunning as well as successful, is one told of Major Hovey, practised near Clinton, Missouri. It was at the time when our Federal trains were so frequently attacked and captured by roving marauders lying in ambush on their route.

Anticipating such a contingency to him, the Major took one hundred men, put them in wagons so as to hide them from view, and then putting a few stragglers to walk, as if guarding the train, he started out. Secession, shot gun in hand, hiding in the brush, saw the cortege, and supposed it a federal wagon train poorly guarded, and hence an easy as well as legitimate prize. Reasoning thus, secession walked from the bush, presented his shot gun, and demanded a surrender—which demand was instantly met by fifty men rising from the wagons, presenting a row of glittering muskets, and requesting a similar favor of astonished and now mortified secessionists. They generally complied, and worked off its ill-humor by cursing such "mean Yankee tricks," unknown to all honorable warfare, and unworthy of chivalrous hearts.

“These are my Sons.”

There came daily, to one of the government hospitals in St. Louis, a lady, whose tender care of the sick and wounded soldiers attracted observation. She was known as the wife of a citizen and as an educated woman, who moved in refined society. Before the war commenced, she was among the most cheerful and companionable in a large circle of friends. All the elements of life were in harmony. But, very soon after the mad assault of corrupt men upon their government, Mrs. G——’s whole demeanor changed. Friends wondered, and asked for the cause ; but she was silent. She went no more into society, but held herself away from public observation, shutting herself up for most of the time in her own house.

Conjecture was of course busy, and many theories to cover the case were advanced and admitted—some near the truth, perhaps, but nearly all remote therefrom. The change in her manner and state of mind was complete. the warm, bright sunshine had passed, and she was under the shadow of heavy clouds. All this was remarkable, in view of the fact that Mrs. G—— was known as a woman of cheerful, reactive disposition ; of clear, common-sense thought, and of large self-controlling power. Whatever trouble might come, her friends had faith in her ability to meet it with the calmness and dignity of a superior mind. Was it possible that a public calamity had been felt in her individual life so keenly ?

Whatever the cause, Mrs. G—— did not rise above it. She was present no more in the circles to which she

had always lent a charm. Occasionally an old acquaintance would see her on the street, but with a manner so changed and subdued that she was scarcely recognised. The Sabbath always found her in church, sitting with bowed head, an absorbed and fervent worshipper; and as she moved down the aisle after the service had closed, and out from the portico amid the crowd, instinctive delicacy in the minds of a large number of old friends let her pass without intrusion.

Thus it was with Mrs. G—, when disease, in league with bullet, cannon ball, and bursting shell, began to crowd the hospitals of St. Louis with sick and wounded men, thus bringing into the very heart of the city, peaceful and prosperous a few months before, the ghastly fruits of treason. Among the earliest to enroll herself in the common sisterhood of charity, was Mrs. G—. Almost on the very day that the first wounded man arrived, she presented herself at one of the hospitals, and claimed a woman's privilege of ministering to pain. Her care was less for the sick than for the wounded, and less for strong men than for youth—tender boys, who had felt the kindling fires of patriotism, and gone forth in arms to meet the foes of freedom and law. Towards these she displayed all the interest and compassionate care of a mother, ministering to the mind and heart, as well as to the suffering body. It was remarkable how completely her life came down into this work, and how soon duty was absorbed by love.

Among those who were brought in from one of the many battle-fields of Missouri, were three young men, the oldest not over twenty-two. One of them had lost an arm; one had his right knee shattered by a shell;

and the other had received three bullets in his body. They were laid on three beds, standing side by side; and the first woman's face that looked down in pity upon their pale, suffering faces was that of Mrs. G—. The first sound, so full of home and love—so soft and sweet to their ears, and like the voice of a mother—was the voice of Mrs. G—. Do we wonder that, as their eyes looked up to hers, they grew blinded by tears?

Mrs. G— did not leave them when the surgeon came. The sight of his instruments pressed the blood back upon her heart, and she grew faint; but the eyes of a fair-haired stripling, whose hurt gaze turned from the knife and probe, and reached upwards towards her, like clinging hands, held her to the post of duty, and compassion gave new life to her heart, so that all its pulses were strong again. The surgeon's best assistant, through all the painful work that had in mercy to be done upon the bodies of these young men, was Mrs. G—; and their best strength came from her tender and maternal voice. She was an angel to them; and thankful love filled their hearts, and shone from their faces, in the calm, and ease, and rest that followed the torture, and not only filled their hearts, and shone from their faces, but awakened by its ardor the purest and truest of all loves in her heart—a mother's love.

She did not leave them through the feverish night that followed, and only returned to her home in the gray morning that broke upon her self-imposed vigils. Nature demanded rest. Mrs. G— was more exhausted than she had ever been before. It was not so much the watch that left her with weak and jarred nerves; feelings had been awakened into too strong a life, and

burned with too consuming an intensity. It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. G—returned to the hospital. Her first visit was to the three young men with whom she had passed the night. They received her with grateful eyes and welcoming smiles. Something about them touched her more deeply than she had been touched by anything which she had seen during her walks of mercy amid sick and wounded and dying men. Sitting down, she talked first with one, and then with another, about themselves and their home.

One had a mother in far away New England, and his lashes lay wet on his cheek as he spoke of her.

"She loves her country, and has given three sons for its defence," he said; and in pride of such a mother, his heart beat quicker, and sent the flushing blood to his pale face. "I will not tell her how badly I am hurt," he continued; "she shall only know of that when I am well again. But she shall know of your kindness, dear lady! My first letter will tell her that!"

"Happy mother, to have brave and loyal sons in a time like this!" answered Mrs. G—, her voice losing its firm tones, and sinking to a sad expression.

"Have you no son to give to your country?" asked the fair-haired stripling, whose head had rested, a few moments before, against her bosom, while the knife and probe were making him sick with agony.

"I will call you my son," was replied, after a brief silence. Mrs. G—'s voice was in a lower key, but calm and steady. She seemed to have encountered a strong wave of feeling, that made all the timbers in her vessel of life shudder; but the stroke had proved harm-

less, and she was herself again. "And you are my sons also," she added, almost proudly, as she looked upon the others. "Worthy sons! I will give you a mother's care."

There entered, at this moment, two men, carrying a litter, on which a man was lying. A surgeon and nurse were in attendance. The large room was full of beds, and on one of these the man, who moaned in a low, plaintive voice, was placed. Mrs. G— did not stir from where she sat by the young soldier. Scenes like these were of almost daily occurrence, and did not disturb the order for duties of the institution.

"A wounded rebel," said the nurse, who had come in with the litter. She crossed the room to Mrs. G—, whispered the sentence, and then moved back again. She did not know what a thrill of pain her brief sentence had awakened.

A wounded rebel! The very bullet that shattered the bone, and rent the sensitive flesh of the loyal youth over whose couch she sat, might have been sent on its cruel mission by his hands. Yet was he now brought in, carefully to be ministered to in suffering, and saved perhaps from death. This was the very thought that flashed through the mind of Mrs. G—, as the thrill of pain which the announcement occasioned went trembling away into stillness.

The moans of the wounded man soon died away. He had first been taken to the surgeon's apartments, and after the abstraction of a ball, the passage of which had been more painful than dangerous, he was removed, under the charge of nurses, to the room where he now rested.

Mrs. G—'s interest in the three young men, who were now specially in her charge, found no abatement, but rather increased. In brief conversations with each of them, she gathered little facts and incidents and sentiments that expressed the quality of their lives, of a character still further to interest her feelings. Each had been tenderly cared for in early years, and each was loyal as well to all home memories as to the country he had gone forth to serve, bearing his life in his hands.

It was nearly an hour after the wounded rebel had been brought in, when a nurse, crossing from a distant part where he lay, came to Mrs. G—, who was assisting the surgeon to dress the shattered limb of one of the young men under her care, and stooping down, said to her, with suppressed agitation :

"It is your son, madam !"

"Who? where?" The color went out of Mrs. G—'s face.

"The man who was last brought in."

"My son?"

"Yes, ma'am, he says he is your son. Won't you come over to him? He wants you."

Mrs. G— caught her breath with a gasp, but, gaining self-possession, she answered, with a calm eloquence of tone that was full of heroism, "*These are my sons!*"

For an instant she looked proudly from face to face of the three wounded soldiers, and then bent over the task in which she was engaged.

Her hand showed no tremors, as she wound the long bandages about the tender limb, and in every minutia obeyed the surgeon's directions. When the painful work was done, she wiped from the sufferer's pale fore-

head the clammy sweat that covered it, and laid her hand softly upon his temples, smoothing back the damp hair. No mother's hand had in it a tenderer touch.

For a minute the surgeon drew her aside, and they stood in earnest conversation; then he moved away, and Mrs. G— resumed her place. Not long afterwards, the rebel soldier, who had been brought in, was carried out again, the men who bore the litter almost touching Mrs. G— as they passed. But she did not stir or look around. One, two, three hours, and she was still in the hospital; but her loyal, heroic heart had taken up a burden that no true mother's heart has strength to bear. The surgeon, who comprehended the case, was watching her with intense interest. He saw, with eyes that could read signs which others might not understand, the gradual failing of power to sustain herself in this self-imposed ordeal, and more than once offered gentle remonstrances, which she failed to heed. But all things yield, when pressure is in excess of strength. Three hours after her rebel son had been removed, by her order, with a nurse in attendance, to the home he had dishonored, Mrs. G— was carried thither insensible, having swooned from exhaustion of vital power in the unnatural conflict of mind to which she had been subjected.

On the day after, she was absent from the hospital; but on the third day she came in again, paler, and to some eyes sadder, and again administered with loving care to the sons of her adoption.

"The Spirit of '76."

A lad—he was but a stripling, though he had seen hard service—lay stretched out on the seat of the car. Another lad, of less than twenty summers, with his arm in a sling, came and took a seat behind him, gazing upon him with mournful interest. Looking up to me (for I was accompanying the sick boy to his home) he asked .

"Is he a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Of what regiment?"

"The Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry."

"Are you a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Where do you belong?"

"In the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers."

"The One Hundred and Fifth Regiment? That sounds well. Illinois is doing nobly."

"I did belong to the Eleventh Illinois Infantry."

"Then how came you in the One Hundred and Fifth?"

"I was wounded at the battle of Fort Donelson, so that I was pronounced unfit for service, and discharged. But I recovered from my wound, and when they commenced raising this regiment in my neighborhood, I again enlisted."

Hitherto the sick boy had been perfectly still. Now he slowly turned over, looked up with glistening eyes, stretched forth his hand, with the slow movement of a sick man, to the top of the seat, and, without saying a

word, eagerly grasped the hand of the new recruit, The patriotism that glowed in those wan features and prompted those slow, tremulous movements, like electricity, ran through every heart. The twice-enlisted youth, as soon as he saw his intention, delighted at the appreciation and reflection of his own spirit, grasped the outstretched hand, exclaiming :

“Bully for you !”

Words cannot describe the effect upon the passengers, as they saw those hands clasped, in token of mutual esteem for love of country ; a mutual pledge that each was ready to give his life, his all, for that country. They felt that the spirit of '76 still survived.

Scene at a New York Recruiting Office.

While walking up the Bowery, a few days ago, we noticed a small-sized crowd in front of the recruiting office of the second battalion of Duryee's Zouaves, between Hester and Grand streets. Upon coming up to the gathering, we discovered the well-known figure of Horace Greeley, surrounded by some half-dozen red-breeched and turbaned soldiers.

“Come, Mr. Greeley !” exclaimed a strapping fellow, who stood six feet high, and was proportionably broad across the chest and shoulders. “Now's your time to enlist ! We give \$188 bounty to-day. Won't you go to the war with us ?”

“Gentlemen !” answered the philosopher, “it's impossible. I am too old ; besides, I am doing a great deal more service at home.”

"Then you won't go?" asked another Zouave.

"I cannot do it, my friend," replied Horace.

"You ain't afraid, are you? You don't know how well you'd look until you saw yourself dressed up in Zouave uniform," chimed in another.

"I have no doubt I should cut a pretty figure in your dress—"

"Especially if you wore a white coat," interrupted a waggish bystander.

"But that is nothing, my friends. Dress neither makes men nor soldiers. Principle, good character, good habits, and resolution is everything."

"O yes! that's all right; but that ain't enlisting," persisted the first speaker. "Uncle Sam wants soldiers, and talking or writing isn't the thing. There's lots of men older than you in the ranks, and any quantity of editors, reporters and printers. If a few men like you enlisted, our regiments would soon fill up."

"That is true; but it is impossible for me to join you," continued Horace.

"You'd soon get a chance to wear the straps. Maybe you might sport a spread eagle," put in another Zou Zou, persuasively.

"No, no; gentlemen, I must leave you; but," turning around in a quiet manner, and eyeing the crowd, which by this time was considerable, "perhaps some of these citizens I see gathered about you will volunteer. If any one will do so, I will give an extra bounty. Does any one wish to join?"

At this unexpected offer the crowd began to give way and scatter about, while several proposed three cheers for the white-coated philosopher. We did not

hear whether Greeley secured any recruits by his extra bounty ; but he soon after moved off, followed by the Zou-Zous, who laughed quite heartily at the attempt made to entrap Horace into the Union army.

Death Scene of Captain John Griswold.

It is the highest testimony to his merit as a man and his value as an officer, to tell you that Gen. Burnside (in whose corps the Captain's regiment served) visited the Captain before his death. A barn floor littered with straw, formed his death-bed. He was surrounded by the wounded of the rank and file. Some of them were his own men. They were weeping at the prospect of his speedy dissolution. He had received a ball in his bowels, which must prove mortal. But for his conduct none could anticipate that the mournful event was near. His loving soldiers and others wept. His mind was clear to the last, and sustained, if not joyous. "Weep not, my friends, for me. I die as I have always wished to die," and he ceased to breathe, without a sign of sadness. He was a young man, in appearance not more than thirty, and a resident, I was told, of Lynn, Conn.

At Memphis and Nashville, the sending of rebel sympathizers South, is kept up. If citizens give evidence of disloyalty, Gen. Sherman and Gov. Johnson say, "Go to Dixie !" an improvement upon an old and somewhat kindred expression.

The Massachusetts 6th in Baltimore.

Sumter has fallen. A call has gone forth for the loyal people to rally to the rescue of the National Capitol, and the defence of the Government and country. Unwarlike in habits and tastes, they nevertheless have come forth from the office, the counting room, the studio and pulpit, in obedience to their country's summons.

The first in the field were the "Massachusetts 6th." Hurrying from the plow and workshop, they gathered at Lowell, bade farewell to kindred and friends, formed in a solid column, listened with quivering lips to the prayers of their pastor and the parting addresses of their fellow-townsmen, their bands struck up a national air, their colors were unfurled before them, and the line of march was taken up for Washington.

In seventy-two hours from that time, they were in the heart of Baltimore, and in the midst of an infuriated mob numbering thousands. The particulars of this outrage, and its electric effect on the country at large, are too well known to be repeated here.

It was during the murderous affray of the 19th of April that the following incident took place, an incident fraught with more than usual interest, showing, as it did, to the world, an example of heroism and daring that deserves the praise of a just and enlightened people.

The regimental band of the Massachusetts 6th, at the time of the attack, consisted of twenty-four pieces, and occupied a separate car. By some mishap this car was "switched off," so that instead of being the first it was left in the rear of the regiment. Thus isolated, un-

armed and incapable of making any defence, the members of the band became the objects of attack of the fiendish mob, which immediately commenced breaking up the car with bars of iron, at the same time pouring in a shower of stones through the windows, while others were calling for powder to blow up the car. Finding it would be certain destruction to remain longer thus cooped up, the unarmed musicians leaped out to meet their merciless foe hand to hand. Twenty-four men in a strange city, surrounded by a yelling mob bent on their destruction, while beyond these demons were thousands of citizens silent witnesses of this unequal contest, not daring even to speak a word in behalf of that band of fellow-beings, who were seeking in vain for some avenue of escape. Goaded by pain, and faint with loss of blood, they were making a final desperate effort to reach some place of shelter, when a rough-looking man sprang in front of their leader, exclaiming, "This way, boys! this way!" His was the first friendly voice they had heard since entering Baltimore, and they followed without a moment's hesitation. The strange, rough man led them up a narrow alley to an open door through which they rushed, for their pursuers were close at their heels. Inside they were met by a powerful-looking woman, who grasped each by the hand, with an assurance that they were safe beneath her roof.

The last of the band was knocked senseless by a stone as he entered the door, but the amazon who had welcomed them took him up in her arms, and directing his companions to follow, led the way to a room in the upper part of the building, where she immediately com-

menced to wash and bind up their wounds. After having done this, she procured food for them and a change of clothes, so that they were enabled to go out in search of their comrades, without danger of detection from the ruffianly crowd which had given them so rough a reception. They then learned the particulars of the attack on a portion of their regiment, and of the escape of the greater portion. They saw also the dead and wounded that had been left behind in the hostile city. One of their own number was missing and could not be found, and it was uncertain whether he had been killed or had escaped. On going back to the house where they had been so kindly cared for, they found that their uniforms, together with their battered instruments, had been carefully packed up and sent to the depot of the Philadelphia Railroad, where they were advised to go, as they would there be sure to meet friends. They did so, and started in the next train for Philadelphia, and arrived just in time to meet the "Massachusetts 8th," under the command of General Butler, who told them to hurry on to the "Old Bay State," and show their battered faces and broken limbs, in the certainty that they would be sent back to play "Hail, Columbia!" in the very streets of Baltimore, where they had been so inhumanly treated.

The noble-hearted woman, who defied a desperate mob in rescuing and protecting those men, is a well-known character in the city of Baltimore. According to the verdict of Christian society, she is an outcast, lost to all that is good and elevating; but she is a true heroine nevertheless, and by her noble conduct entitled to the nation's grateful thanks. When Governor Hicks

had succumbed to the mob of miscreants, and Winter Davis himself had fled in dismay, and men of influence, of high official standing, had hidden themselves in their terror—when all the municipal powers of the city were unable to protect a few unarmed strangers who were struggling for life—then this poor woman, this despised outcast, took them under her protection, dressed their wounds, fed and clothed them, and sent them in safety to their friends.

No doubt, thousands of loyal citizens would like to know the name of one, who should be remembered for her humanity to their countrymen. It is ANNA MARLEY.

The Drummer-Boy of Marblehead.

A lad of fifteen is the hero of this story, showing that in the hearts of even the children of the North, the indomitable spirit of liberty throbs with an enthusiasm and courage, that quails not on the tented field, and is eager to do and to die for the country's flag.

Who can for a moment doubt the purity and success of the national cause, when we see the very *boys* of the Union, the darlings of the hearth-stone, tearing themselves from their mother's arms and from their weeping sisters, and foremost in the fight, beating their drums, or seizing, as in the case of Albert Manson, a rifle from a wounded soldier and firing on the foe, till falling faint and dying from a rebel ball?

It was the murder of the Massachusetts troops in the streets of Baltimore that roused the rage of his young heart to avenge their blood. Father and son at once

enlisted. The son could play the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," and on trial, Col. Kurtz, struck with his bold and inspired manner, appointed him in one of the companies of the Massachusetts 23d, being the youngest drummer in the regiment.

They sailed in the Burnside expedition; and in the battle of Roanoke Island, after a weary march through slime and water, they came in sight of the enemy's battery. "Who will go and take it?" asked the General commanding. "The Massachusetts 23d," was the quick reply. "Forward, then, double-quick!" and in the teeth of a galling fire they rushed to their death as it had been to their bridal. The father fell wounded by his side, but the son heeded him not; his whole soul had lost itself in the work before him. "Look at that child," said one officer to another; "No wonder we conquer, when boys fight so." "Didn't I say they should run to the old tunes?" and seizing a disabled revolver for a drum-stick, he struck up, in a wondrously defiant way, our impudent old strain of Yankee Doodle. A flying rebel heard it, and looking back, took sure aim at Albert. A man near the boy saw him, and tried to pull Albert down, but he stood his ground, and the ball did not fail to do its deadly work.

And you will love his knightly colonel none the less when I tell you that his strong arms held the dying boy. His pale lips moved at last, and they bent eagerly to hear his words. Some inquiry for his missing father—some last precious words for his lonely mother? No; only this, boylike, "Which beat, quick, tell me?" Tears ran like rain down the blackened faces, and one, in a voice husky with sobs, said, "We,

Albert, the field is ours." The ears death had already deadened caught no sound, and his slight hand fluttered impatiently as again he gasped, "What, tell quick?" "We beat 'em intirely, me boy," said a big Irish sergeant, who was crying like a baby. He heard then, and his voice was as strong as ever as he answered, "Why don't you go after 'em? Don't mind me, I'll catch up—I'm a little cold, but running will warm me." He never spoke again: the coldness of death stiffened his limbs, and so he passed from the victory of earth to the God who gave us the victory.

If the mother of the Gracchi could point to *her* sons and say, "*These* are my jewels," with what a loftier, holier pride can the Massachusetts mother of this gallant boy recall the memory of *her* heart's idol! Build him a monument of the old Bay State's granite, and let his name live for ever high in the temple of Fame!

A Camp of Females at Island No. 10.

We are carried back, by the scenes here described, to the times of the Spanish buccaneers, and learn with a blush the abandonment of moral restraint among the soldiers of the South.

"On a beautiful hill," writes an officer of Commodore Foote's victorious flotilla, "surrounded by beautiful groves, budding wild flowers, and the accompanying charms of a rural retreat, we found a bevy of nymphs encamped, and enjoying soldierly life in real earnest. There were twelve or fifteen of them, of different ages, but all young, and more or less fair to look upon. They

sat round the camp fire, and cooked their breakfast, a little disheveled and rumpled, as might, perhaps, be expected, in remembrance of the scenes of excitement they had passed through, but yet as much composed, and as much at home, as though they had campaigned it all their lives. There was a stray lock of hair hanging here and there, an unlaced bodice granting chary glimpses of vast luxuriance of bust, a stocking down at the heel, or a garter with visible downward tendencies—all of which was attributed to our early visit. There were all the marks of femininity about the place. The embowering trees were hung with hoop skirts and flaunting articles, which looked in the distance like abbreviated pantaloons. A glance at the interior of their tents showed magnificent disorder. Dimity and calico, silk, feathers, and all the appurtenances of a female boudoir, were visible. It was a *rara avis in terra*—a new bird in the woods.

“ These feminine voyageurs were real campaigners. The chivalry of the South, ever solicitous for the sex, could not resist the inclination for its society, and hence the camp of nymphs by the river side, in the embowering shade, *et cetera*. I will not say much for their fair fame, or for the good fame of the confederate officers, whose baggage was mingled in admirable confusion with the rumpled dimity and calico, whose boots and spurs hung among the hoop skirts and unmentionables, and whose old hats ornamented the tent-poles or decked the heads of the fair adventuresses. It was a new feature in war.”

Who was She ?

On April 28th, while the National fleet was anchored off New Orleans, and before the city had been definitely surrendered by the authorities, a small boat, pulled by one pair of oars was observed leaving the levee. A closely veiled lady was noticed in the stern. When she reached one of the vessels, she drew back her veil and beckoned to the officer of the watch. The Captain, who had remarked that she was young and apparently very lovely, dreaded the influence of the fair syren upon his subordinate, as with a gesture he forbade his responding to the mute appeal, and repaired himself to the gangway. Probably he imagined that forty odd years were more secure than twenty from treasonable temptation.

"Pray, sir," she asked, in the most musical voice imaginable, "might I inquire if a person named McClellan is on board."

At the same time she made him a brief but imperative sign, which he construed to signify that he was expected to reply in the affirmative.

"Certainly there is, madam !"

The white lie may be pardoned on the score of the brilliancy of the flashing eyes which partially bewildered the Captain,

"Might I trouble you to give him this letter ?"

As the Captain descended to take it from one of the smallest and most delicately gloved hands he had ever seen, he partially recovered the presence of mind which had not deserted him once during the fierce struggle of the preceding days. He was unwilling that the first

pair of bright eyes he had seen for weeks should vanish so quickly.

“Would you not wish to step on board, madam, and speak with him?”

A wicked smile flitted over the charming face before him, and but for his age, and the wife he had left in the North, he would infallibly have lost his heart. As it was, he felt it almost going, and laid his heavy hand upon it to check its disposition for levanting from its legitimate owner.

“No ; I thank you,” she said. “Such an unexpected pleasure might prove somewhat embarrassing.”

Saying this, she again sat down, drew her veil over her face, and making a sign to the colored boatman, was pulled once more towards the levee.

The Captain gazed after her, sighed, and then looked at the letter.

“I suppose I must do duty for McClellan on this occasion,” he said. “But who the deuce can she be.” He then opened it.

The letter contained a great deal of valuable information respecting the temper of the population of the city. It also stated that Forts Pike and Livingston had been evacuated, and their garrisons despatched to join Beauregard at Corinth, and distinctly affirmed that no Union sentiment could find expression in New Orleans until those who felt it could be guaranteed the protection of United States troops against the temper of the populace. Subsequent events have proved that the fair correspondent was right ; and the young subaltern, who was only able to catch an occasional glimpse of those delightful eyes as she was speaking to his com-

manding officer, says that, "Never before was the flashing glance of beauty one half so agreeable."

A Female Spy.

No doubt the sunny South has received many, and some very important, favors from the fair sex. At Washington, for a while, they played an almost open game, being several instances educated, handsome and fashionable, having access to cabinet circles, and intimate with heads of bureaus, officers of war, State, etc. A pretty and talented woman is a dangerous article to the peace of man individually, and sometimes to the peace of the country. Even patriotism is not safe against the charms, and wiles, and intrigues of the gay deceivers.

Therefore it was that our generally gallant Secretary of State felt compelled to arrest and imprison, first in their own houses, and afterwards in less comfortable quarters, a few of the most dangerous of the sex. At last a well-known lady was detected in corresponding and receiving messages through the medium of pound-cake, which circumstance determined him to ship them all to Norfolk by a flag of truce, as the only way to get rid of such a nuisance.

The heroine of our chapter is a Mrs. Baxley, who was arrested and examined on the steamer *Georgiana*, between Fortress Monroe and Baltimore.

From some remarks she made, a Mr. Brigham, who was a detective, jocosely asked her if she was a secessionist, to which she answered "yes." After the gang

plank was run out, the boat having landed at Baltimore, Mrs. Baxley was heard to say that she "thanked God she had arrived home safe;" and when about stepping ashore, Mr. Brigham tapped her on the shoulder and requested her attendance in the ladies' cabin. As soon as the room was reached her bonnet was taken off, between the linings of which was found upwards of fifty letters sewed in, when she exclaimed that having been found out, she thought it best to deliver up the "contrabands" and be allowed to proceed on her way. But Mr. Brigham insisted upon it that she had others, and lo! in her shoes and stockings numerous other letters were also found. The lady was closely guarded until the Provost Marshal of Baltimore was informed of the circumstance, when he sent a woman to examine Mrs. Baxley with more scrutiny. Almost every possible place about her clothing was filled with letters from Secessia for rebel sympathizers in Baltimore, but in her corsets was found a document which, when taken by the woman examining the smuggler, Mrs. Baxley rushed at her, and getting hold of the paper, tore it in two. The document proved to be a commission from Jeff Davis to a Dr. Septimus Brown, of Baltimore, also passes and direction for him to run the federal blockade in order to gain the rebel domains.

Mrs. Baxley was taken to a hotel, and several police officers placed on guard over her. While locked in her room she dropped a note out of the window addressed to her lover (the rebel doctor), imploring him for God's sake to fly, as all was discovered. It seemed to be her only and darling desire to get her lover a commission in the rebel army, and, having succeeded, she was only

detected in her nefarious transactions when about completing her mission.

Miss Taylor in Camp Dick Robinson.

A young lady who has been with the East Tennesseeans during their stay in Camp Dick Robinson, is thus alluded to by the camp correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*: "One of the features of the 1st Tennessee Regiment is the person of a brave and accomplished young lady of but eighteen summers, and of prepossessing appearance, named Sarah Taylor, of East Tennessee, who is the step-daughter of Captain Dowden, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. Miss Taylor is an exile from her home, having joined the fortunes of her step-father and her wandering companions, accompanying them in their perilous and dreary flight from their homes and estates. Miss Taylor has formed the determination to share with her late companions the dangers and fatigues of a military campaign. She has donned a neat blue chapeau, beneath which her long hair is fantastically arranged; bearing at her side a highly-finished regulation sword, and silver-mounted pistols in her belt, all of which gives her a very neat appearance. She is quite the idol of the Tennessee boys. They look upon her as a second Joan of Arc, believing that victory and glory will perch upon the standards borne in the ranks favored by her loved presence. Miss Captain Taylor is all courage and skill. Having become an adept in the sword exercise, and a sure shot with the pistol, she is determined to lead in the van of the march

bearing her exiled and oppressed countrymen back to their homes, or, if failing, to offer up her own life's blood in the sacrifice."

A gentleman who was on the ground on Saturday night, the 19th instant, when the order was issued to the Tennesseans to march to reinforce Colonel Garrard, informs us that the wildest excitement pervaded the whole camp, and that the young lady above alluded to mounted her horse, and, cap in hand, galloped along the line like a spirit of flame, cheering on the men. She wore a blue blouse, and was armed with pistols, sword and rifle. Our informant, who has been at the camp the whole time since the arrival of the Tennesseans, says that Miss Taylor is regarded by the troops as a guardian angel, who is to lead them to victory. These persecuted men look upon the daring girl who followed their fortunes through sunshine and shadow, with the tenderest feeling of veneration, and each would freely offer his life in her defence. There was but little sleep in the camp on Saturday night, so great was the joy of the men at the prospect of meeting the foe, and at a very early hour in the morning they filed away jubilantly, with their Joan of Arc in the van. Just before taking up their line of march they all knelt, and, lifting up their right hand, solemnly swore never to return without seeing their homes and loved ones. Whether the East Tennesseans of Camp Dick Robinson shall do daring deeds or not, Miss Taylor's fame is perfectly secure. She is a girl of history, and poetry will embalm her name in undying numbers.

A CHAP in Virginia was taken prisoner the other day by the rebels, who demanded that he should take an oath to support the Confederate Government. The fellow said he had taken many big oaths in his day, but he could not support his family, and to swear to support the Jeff Davis Government was taller swearing than he dared to do these hard times.

THE DYING SOLDIER.—In one of the hospitals near Alexandria lay a youthful soldier gasping for his last breath. He could not speak ; but by signs he made his comrade, who was a kind-hearted, though unlettered son of Erin, understand that he wanted the chaplain. Rev. Mr. B—— was soon by his bedside. “What is it, my poor boy ?” he said, kindly. The youth feebly pointed to his mother’s signature in a letter lying beside his pillow, then more feebly to the dark locks which shaded his pale brow. The chaplain was quick to catch the boy’s meaning. “Send a lock of hair to your mother, James ?” The eager nod answered him. “Any message, dear boy ? Can you whisper a word of farewell ?” No, he could not, his breath was nearly spent. But a single movement of his finger, first pointing to his heart, and then upward, was full of significancy to the intent eye of the soldier’s friend. “Yes, James, I understand—your soul is resting on Jesus, you are going to your heavenly home ; I shall write to your mother, and she will bless God amid her tears.” A loving, grateful smile beamed upon the chaplain, and James was no more.

THEY grow some tough customers up in the "North Woods." A chap named Jim Hill, of White Lake, enlisted in a cavalry company a year ago, and deserted. He then enlisted in Col. Whenlock's regiment, from which he also deserted. He came home, enlisted under the recent order, received his bounty, and skedaddled for John Brown's Tract. He was subsequently nabbed, lodged in the Lewis County Jail, started for the seat of war, got as far as Booneville, where his handcuffs were taken off and where he "mysteriously disappeared" during the night. He was again caught, handcuffed and put into a room, and his clothes taken away. He escaped from an "upper story" by making a ladder of the bed-clothes, wrapped himself up in a quilt and revisited the classic shores of White Lake, where he was at last accounts! That man has genius.

A YOUNG MAN who had been employed as a waiter in a saloon, in Rochester, and who had enlisted in the 140th Regiment, deserted. He was caught by a guard sent in search of him, and, on his way back to camp, asked permission to call at a shoe store to do an errand. The request being granted, the chap ran through the back door of the store and entered the saloon where he had been employed. Thither he was pursued by the guard, who after a thorough search of the premises left, satisfied that he had escaped. All this time he was concealed under the crinoline of the cook, who subsequently confessed to the part she had played. The deserter, when the search had been given up, emerged from his hiding-place, and got away,

SURE ENOUGH.—A teamster in our army was outrageously rough, and yelled at his mules very foolishly, annoying all around him. The General, who happened not to be in uniform, once heard him, and ordered him to stop such outcries. "And who are you?" said the driver. "I am the commander of this division," replied the General. "Well, then, command your division; *I am commander of these mules*, and I'll holler and swear as much as I please," roared the team driver.

S. H. HILL, a young man about 18 years of age, who has just returned from New Orleans, where he has been a waiter for an officer in a Vermont regiment, enlisted in Northampton, Mass., a few days ago, but was rejected by the surgeon in consequence of having a stiff finger. He was told by the surgeon that if he would have the finger taken off he would pass him. The finger was accordingly removed, and the plucky young man has re-enlisted.

WHEN General Stuart seized on General Pope's camp, he found there a darkey about the same size as General Pope, and this contraband individual he encased in the General's best clothes, shoulder-straps and all, and caused to ride beside him on a mule through Warrenton, labelled on his back, "No retreat!" "Onward to Richmond!" No doubt but that General Stuart thought that to dress a darkey in the federal uniform, was sufficient to make him fit to ride beside him!

An Explanation.

Hard bread, or as it is generally called in camp, "hard tack," is the soldier's food on a campaign. It comes in square wooden boxes, on which different makers put their various brands.

One day a lot of boxes of peculiarly hard crackers arrived in the camp of the 5th Excelsior. Several of the boys were wondering the meaning of the brand upon the boxes, which was as follows :

" B. C."

603.

Various interpretations were given, but all were rejected, until one individual declared it was plain enough—could't be misunderstood.

" Why, how so ?" was the query.

" Oh," he replied, " that is the date when the crackers were made—six hundred and three years before Christ. (603 B. C.)"

When the Fifth Excelsior regiment was camped near Port Tobacco, Md., the secesh farmers in the neighborhood raised a great outcry about a few chickens which had been missed from their poultry yards. Stringent orders were accordingly issued against foraging. Still, now and then an unlucky fowl would find its way into the mess kitchen, but nobody could account for its presence there. At last an unlucky wight was caught bearing a goose into camp.

He was brought to the Captain of his company, who in tones of severity demanded how in the face of such stringent orders he dare steal geese.

"I didn't steal it," indignantly retorted the culprit.

"Did you buy it?"

"No. I'll tell you how it was: I was coming up from the village whistling Yankee Doodle, when out came one of old Farrell's geese, and hearing the tune I was whistling, commenced hissing. I couldn't stand that, and so I up and knocked it over. Well, as I had killed it, I thought that like as not a detail would be ordered out in the morning to bury offal, and I thought I might as well bring the goose up to camp and have it handy."

The Captain could hardly "see it;" nevertheless, Farrell never got paid for that goose.

Details.

There is not a Captain in the service who has not a chronic horror of the approach of the sergeant-major with the order, "Captain, you will detail ten men for ——" Whatever has to be done, a detail is called for; but the following anecdote would seem to indicate that Gen. Sickels carries it rather farther than is ordinarily done:

At the battle of Fair Oaks, the enemy posted a lot of sharp-shooters in trees, and some of them had made some very good shots at the General.

He sent for a Captain of one of his companies. The Captain touched his hat, and awaited orders.

"Captain," said the General, quietly, "there is a fellow in that tree yonder, who has been firing at me; I wish you would detail a couple of men to shoot him."

How the Secesh relished the detail, is not told.

The Drummer Boy.

One of the volunteer military companies recently organized in Chicago, had a drummer boy 13 years old, a member of a Sabbath School of that city. As the company on drill were marching through one of the streets, a fine flag, bearing the stars and stripes, was displayed from one of the many drinking saloons which mar the beauty and morals of that city, as they do all our cities, east and west. The Captain, overflowing with patriotism at the sight of our national ensign, ordered his men to halt, and give it a royal salute. The drummer boy, supposing the salute to be intended for the place, as well as for the flag, held his drum in perfect silence. The Captain, in a reproving tone, inquired the cause. "Sir," said the boy, "I would not go into such a place as that, and I certainly cannot salute it." "My good boy," said the Captain, patting him on the shoulder, "my good boy, you are right, and I am wrong."

Remembered and Mourned.

For every man who falls in battle, some one mourns. For every man who dies in hospital wards, and of whom perhaps no note is made, some one mourns. For the humblest soldier shot on picket, and of whose humble exit from the stage of life little is thought, some one mourns. Nor this alone. For every soldier disabled ; for every one who loses an arm or a leg, or who is wounded or languishes in protracted suffering ;

for every one who has "only camp fever," some heart bleeds, some tears are shed. In far off humble households, perhaps, sleepless nights and anxious days are passed, of which the world never knows; and every wounded and crippled soldier who returns to his family and friends, brings a lasting pang with him. Oh! how the mothers feel this war! If ever God is sad in heaven, it seems to me it must be when He looks upon the hearts of these mothers. We who are young, think little of it; neither, I imagine, do the fathers or the brothers know much of it; but it is the poor mothers, and wives of the soldiers. God help them!



James Leonard, of Upper Gilmanton, has written a letter stating his difficulties in trying to enlist. He says, among other indignant things: "After accepting several men over 45 years of age, and several infants, such as a man like me could whip a dozen of, I was rejected because I had the honesty to acknowledge that I was more than forty-five years of age. The mustering officer was a very good-looking man, about thirty-five years old; but I guess I can run faster and jump higher than he; also take him down, whip him, endure more hardships, and kill at least three rebels to his one."

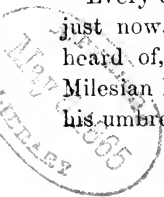


A preacher of the M. E. Church says that he and his brethren will fight the rebels in this world, and if God permit, chase their frightened ghosts in the next.

A citizen in one of our neighboring cities, who had stirring appeals to his fellow-citizens to enlist, finally concluded to set the example and enlist himself. He was "blessed" with a physical infirmity which he supposed would exempt him from military duty. Nevertheless, knowing this, he was bound to show his patriotism, and signed his name to an enlistment paper. The surgeon examined him and pronounced him "all right—just the man for a soldier." "What!" said the astonished "patriot," "you don't mean to say I can go?" "Certainly, sir." "But," said he, "I have a serious infirmity"—at the same time pointing it out to the examiner. "Never mind that," said the heartless surgeon, "you are all right; go and do your duty." The last that was seen of this "patriotic" individual, he was endeavoring to procure a substitute.

A geography seems to be badly wanted down South. A letter from a sergeant in the 29th Massachusetts Regiment, dated "Near Norfolk, Virginia, Camp Misery, Fifteen Miles from 'the Knowledge of God,' May 13th, 1862," says that Capt. Tripp's company was as well as could be expected, considering their situation.

Every available article seems bound to go to lint, just now. The oddest instance of this that we have heard of, however, was furnished last week by our Milesian Reporter, who, on being asked for the loan of his umbrella, said that it was Lint already.



MERCEDES;

OR,

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THE scenes of this strange story are laid in California, commencing some years before the gold mines were discovered, and brought down to the time "when mobs and murders were as plentiful as golden slugs;" when gamblers were reckoned right and proper men, and gambling hells were the saloons of fashion, and men of mind, manners and money amused themselves therein; when theatres outnumbered churches, and play books, Bibles; when courtezans were the acknowledged leaders of *ton*; when San Francisco rivalled her elder sisters, both of the Old and New World, in her bowers of pleasure—for here was the great nucleus of splendor and gratification of every sense. Fortunes were made in a single day. Men who had made fortunes in the mines came here. What wonder, then, if crime jostled crime in the streets. What wonder if fraud throve in the mart of opulence, or that midnight brawls disturbed the repose of the few who tried to be just.

Then arose the Vigilance Committee, taking judgment into their own hands, when the quivering bodies of flagrant offenders swung from the wide windows of the Committee Rooms in Battery Street, an awful example of the dues of evil.

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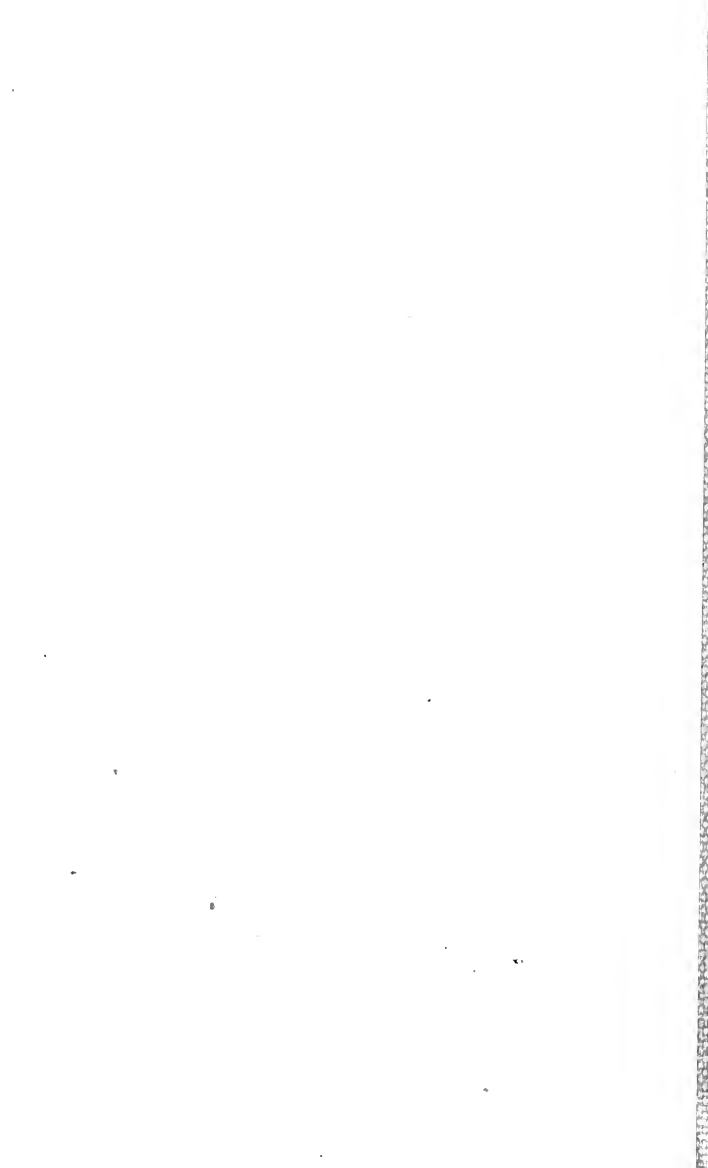
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